

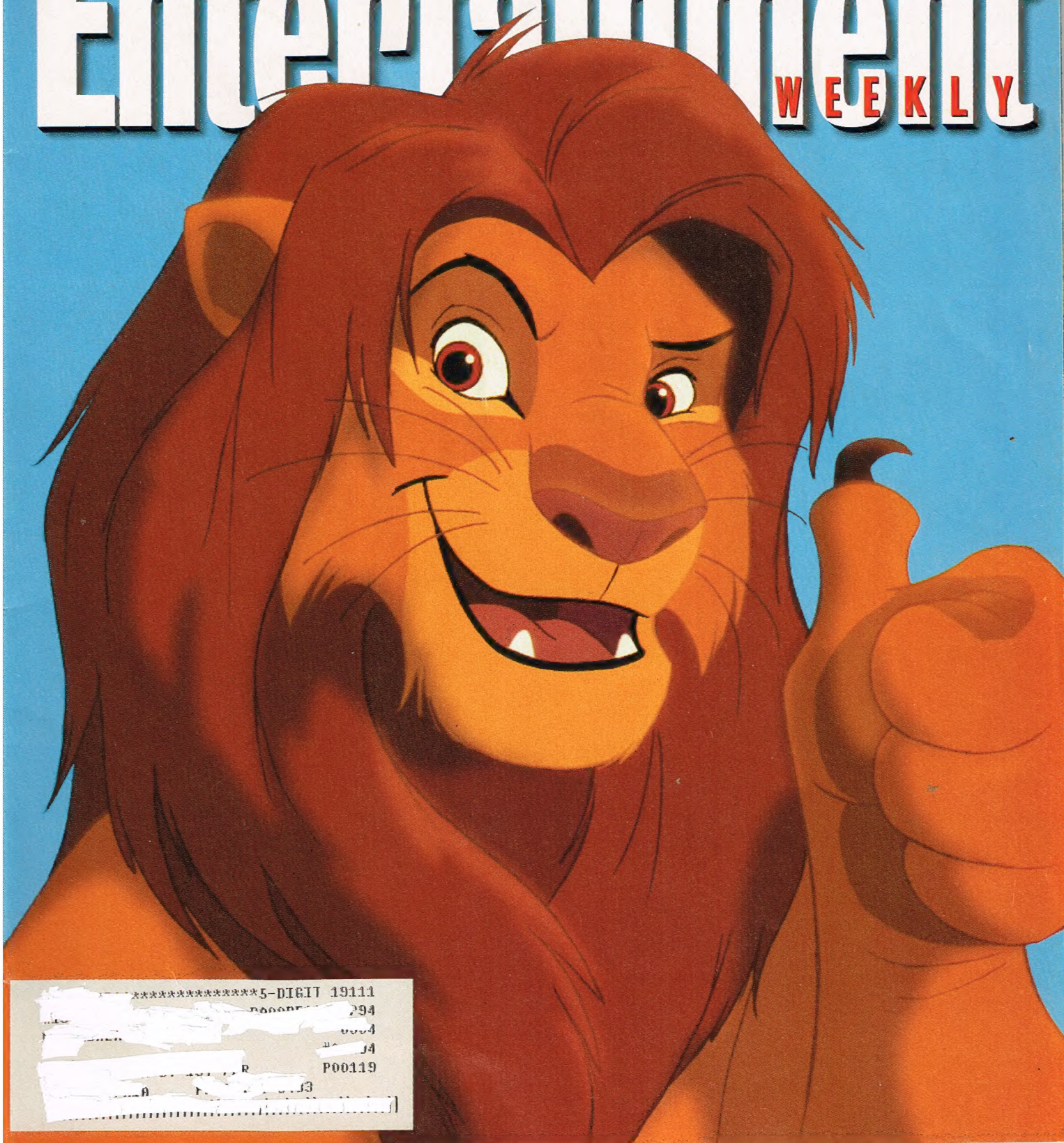
'KING' OF THE SUMMER

THE INSIDE STORY: HOW DISNEY MADE 'THE LION KING' REIGN SUPREME

NO. 230 • JULY 8, 1994

Entertainment

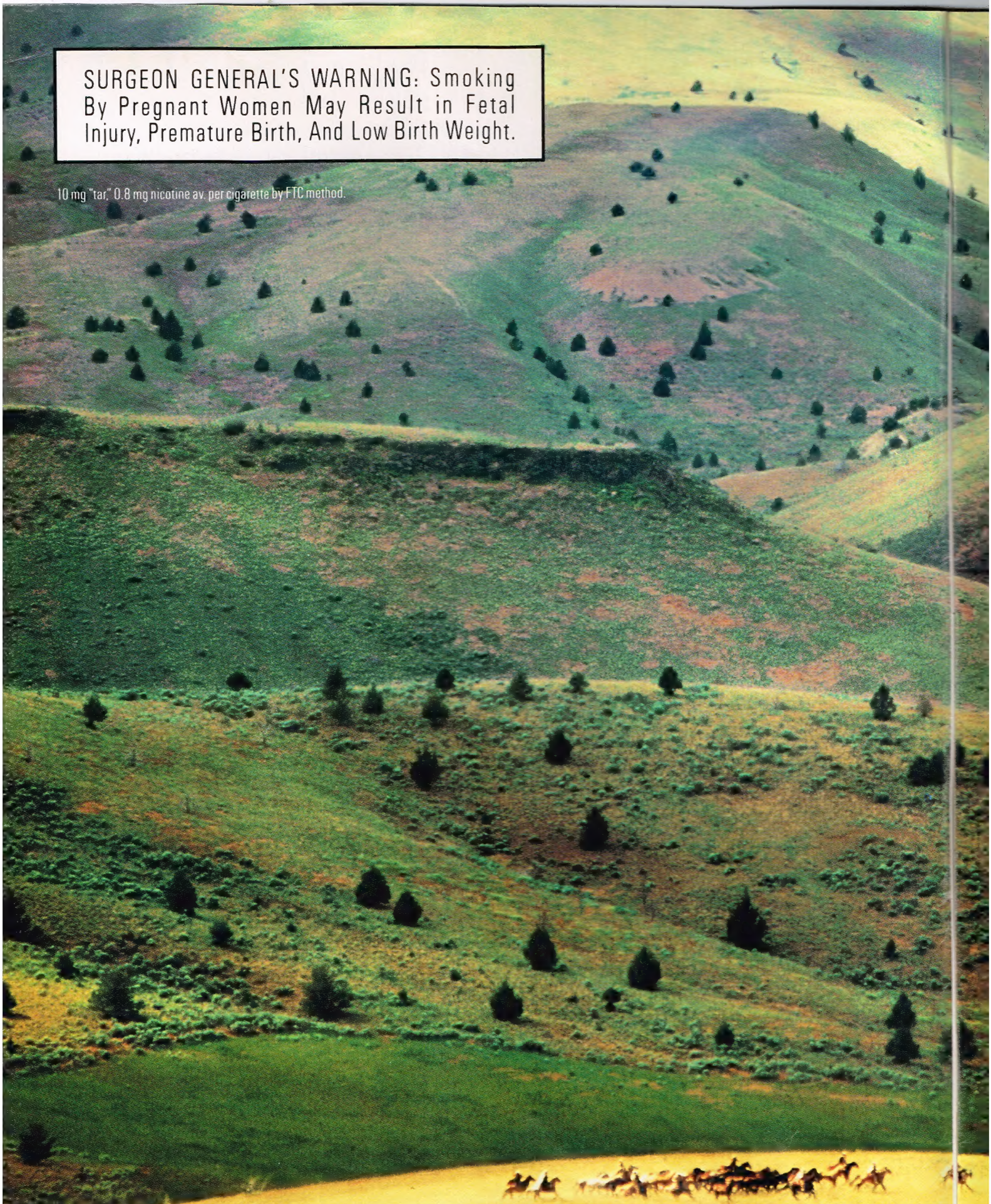
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Entertainment WEEKLY

FRIDAY, JULY 8, 1994

NEWS & NOTES

6/Pearl Jam's Plea The band goes to Capitol Hill to fight Ticketmaster prices...Shannen Doherty's *90210* replacement... Courtney Love endures the death of a bandmate...HOT SHEET... FLASHES... and more.

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18/COVER Mane Attraction BY STEVE DALY How Disney groomed *The Lion King* to become its new box office royalty. **PLUS:** Turning Whoopi Goldberg into a cartoon; Nathan Lane, the man behind the meerkat.

26/Hey Now! It's the Larry Sanders Glossary BY BRUCE FRETTS The words of a fictional talk show—from *Andropolis* to Xanax—explained for the layman.

30/Pulp Nonfiction BY ALBERT KIM With the O.J. Simpson arrest and pretrial hearings, an instant-infotainment industry slammed into overdrive.

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34/MOVIES LISA SCHWARZBAUM on *I Love Trouble*; also *Wyatt Earp*, *Blown Away*, *The Shadow*, and *Getting Even With Dad*. **PLUS:** Jonathan Winters' autumn revival.

42/TELEVISION KEN TUCKER on *Today*'s new look; also *Southern Justice: The Murder of Medgar Evers*, and *Muddling Through*. **PLUS:** *Today* show news anchor Matt Lauer; antigun PSAs; *General Hospital* hunk's hardbody in hardback.

48/BOOKS LISA SCHWARZBAUM on a roundup of self-help books; also Bob Woodward's *The Agenda*, *My Sister Marilyn: A Memoir of Marilyn Monroe*. **PLUS:** The ouster of Simon & Schuster CEO Dick Snyder.

52/MUSIC ALANNA NASH on Alan Jackson; also the Who, Leonard Cohen, House of Pain, SWV, Compulsion, Cliff Richard, Lari White, and Chick Corea. **PLUS:** New-wave surf music; rocker-designed garb; Kurt Cobain's suicide note as fashion statement.

58/VIDEO TY BURR on *Heaven and Earth*, the third installment of Oliver Stone's Vietnam trilogy; also *The Pelican Brief*, *In the Name of the Father*, and *Reality Bites*. **PLUS:** Don "The Dragon" Wilson's video hits; two *Shadowlands* films.

64/KIDS PARENTS' GUIDE to current movies.

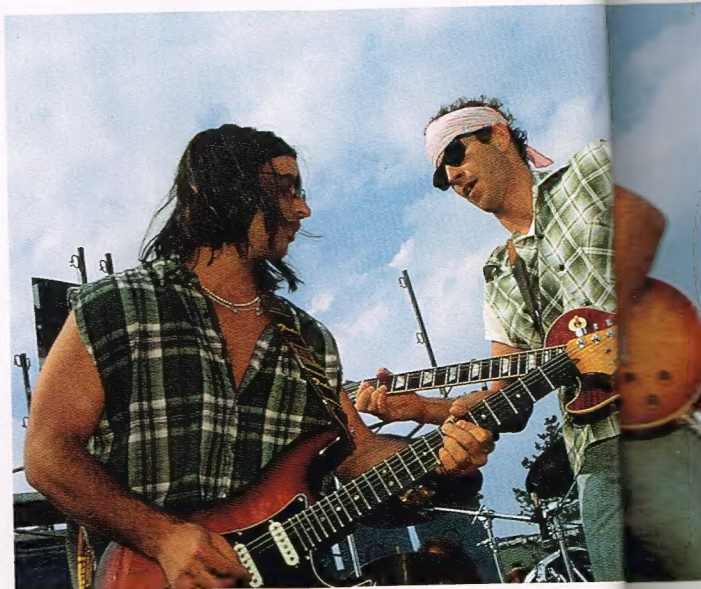
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4/Mail Keanu Reeves, *The Endless Summer II*, Halle Berry.

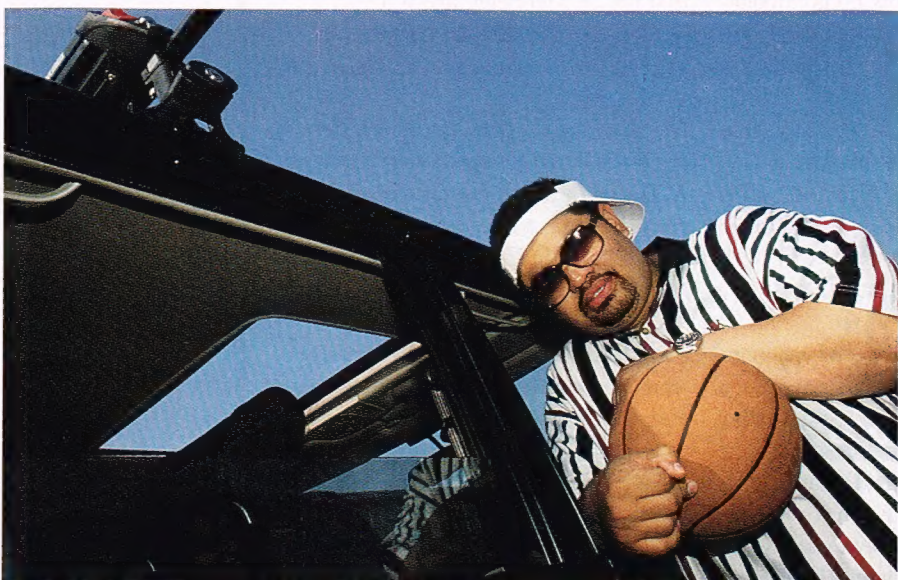
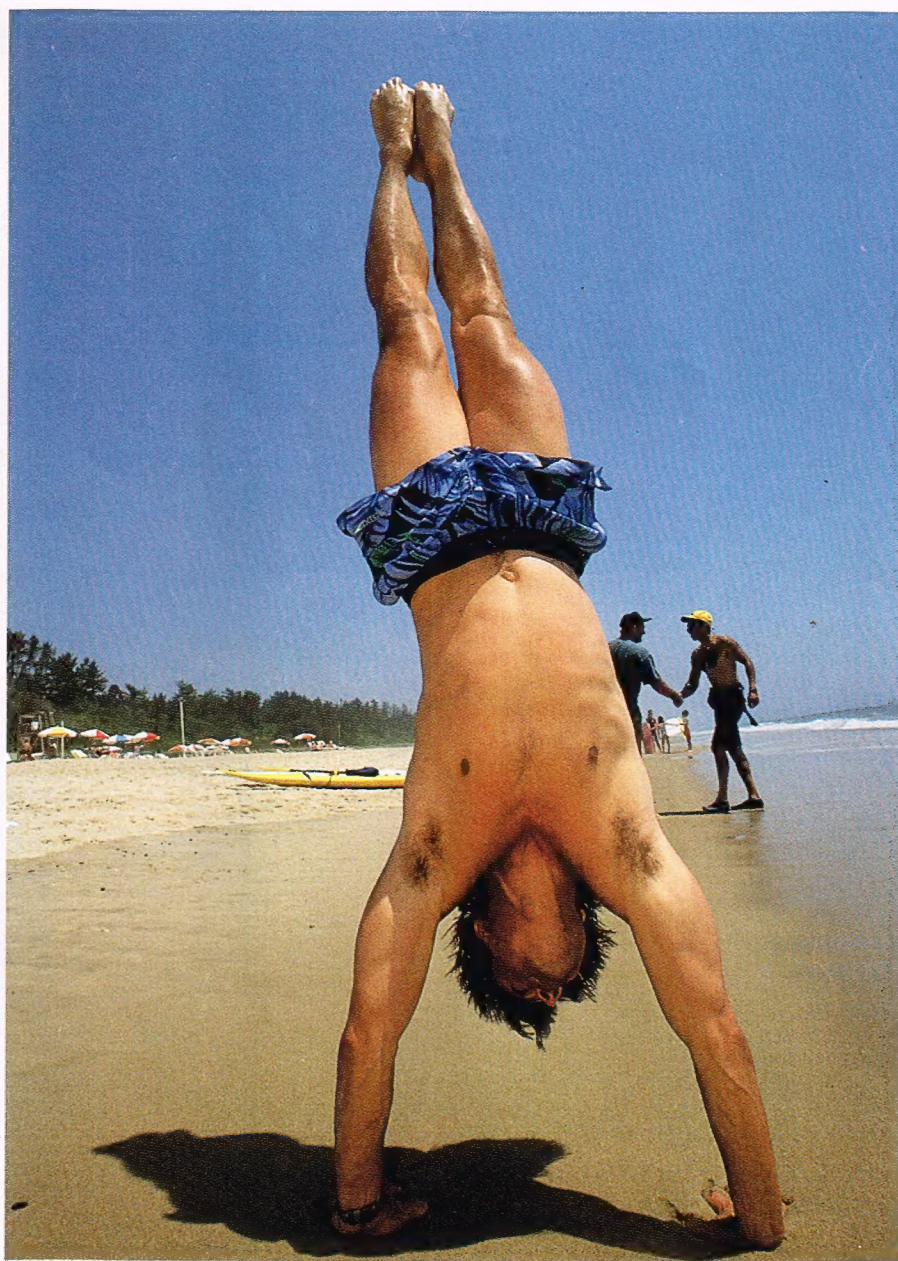
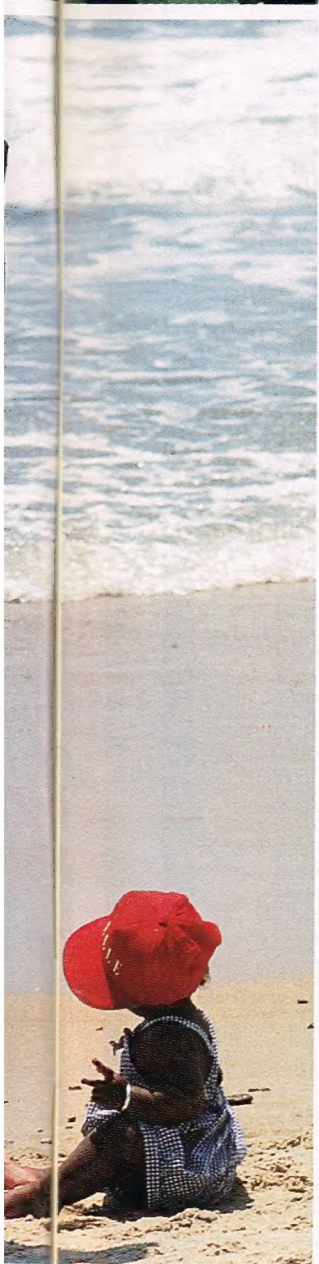
16/Being There Models sport bikinis for an Olympic takeoff.

68/Encore July 9, 1956: Dick Clark mounts the *Bandstand*.

Cover SIMBA CREATED FOR EW BY RUBEN AQUINO & VERA LAN-PHER, WALT DISNEY ANIMATION



PHOTOGRAPHS BY NINA BERMAN/SIPA PRESS



16

SAND BLAST: At the Hamptons Model Celebrity Beach Games (clockwise from top left), the John McEnroe Band making a racket; Olympic diver Greg Louganis; Heavy D. hoping to ref instead of rap; supermodel Beverly Peele with daughter Cairo

MAIL

KEANU RAVES

THANKS SO MUCH for the interview with Keanu Reeves (#226, June 10). I've always been a big fan of Reeves and am always discouraged by the lack of coverage he receives. Thanks to your article, at least now I know how limelight-shy he really is! I also appreciate Reeves' and costar Dennis Hopper's respect for the death of fellow actor River Phoenix. It's nice to see that not everyone glorifies Phoenix's overdose and some still focus on his talent. Thanks again, EW.

JOANNE RUFO
Collingdale, Pa.

OKAY. LET ME get this straight. He rarely refers to his own fame. He's more concerned about his craft than his peccs. He parallels the opening of Bret Easton Ellis' book *American Psycho* with the media's lust for celebrity detail. Then you compare him to Stallone and Willis? What?!? Keanu is cool.

CARI LINDEN
Rocky River, Ohio

YES, KEANU REEVES usually does a good acting job in conventional films. But in period pieces such as *Bram Stoker's Dracula*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, and *Dangerous Liaisons* he is unbearably miscast. And now he wants to play Hamlet? ("To be or not to be, that is the most excellent question, dude.") Please! If Shakespeare were alive today, this would surely send him to his grave.

TODD LAMPE
Denver

'SUMMER' PLEASURE

IT WAS WONDERFUL to read one more article by Bill Cosford. His feature story on *The Endless Summer II* was as insightful and creative as always. Cosford was a gifted writer, and had a natural talent for film criticism. Even if you disagreed with one of his reviews, you always enjoyed reading them. He was my



mentor, professor, and most of all, a dear friend. He is missed tremendously.

ANDREA ARENA
Fort Lauderdale

STAGE FIGHT

I FEEL THE NEED to respond to Jess Cagle's article on this year's Broadway season, especially his low D grade for the *Grease!* revival. He painted such a bleak picture of the current season, it's hard to believe that a record 8.1 million people saw Broadway theater, with ticket sales hitting a record \$356 million. Doesn't sound so dismal to me. *Grease!* has virtually sold out night after night on Broadway—a good indication that the public likes what they see.

PATRICK BOYD
Grease! Broadway cast
New York City

WHERE'S HALLE?

IN THESE POLITICALLY correct times it is ironic that the merchandisers missed the opportunity to seize a sizable chunk of the toy-buying public by failing to authorize a black Halle Berry doll based on her Sharon Stone character in *The Flintstones*. This omission shows that the majority of the population needs to realize that not all Americans are WASPs.

REGINALD D. GARRARD
Camilla, Ga.

CORRECTION: Our Movies "Losers of the Week" incorrectly included Syracuse, N.Y., and Indianapolis among cities that recently saw ticket prices rise to \$8. Presently, only New York City-area theaters are charging \$8.

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY welcomes mail from its readers. Please address letters to ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY, 1675 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019, and include your name, address, and telephone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

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Greta Garbo in *As You Desire Me* (1932)

GRETA GARBO

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A rather common-looking Swedish model, Greta Lovisa Gustafsson, caught the eye of European director Mauritz Stiller in 1923. Stiller straightened her hair, capped her teeth, and made her lose twenty pounds before christening her "Greta Garbo." After making 24 films for MGM, "The Swedish Sphinx" reluctantly retired at the height of her career, waiting for the "perfect" role that never came. Those are just a few of the juicy tidbits you'll discover on Turner Classic Movies — the world's greatest collection of classic movies, from the '20s to the '80s. Plus, trailers, screen tests, behind-the-scenes footage and shorts. To enjoy more movies a month than any other channel, uninterrupted and commercial free — not to mention hundreds of other eye-catching beauties — call your local cable company and ask them to carry Turner Classic Movies.



JULY 8, 1994 • MOVIES, TV, MUSIC, BOOKS, AND VIDEO • EDITOR

R P H Y

Pearl Jam takes on the ways and means of rock. BY JEFF GORDINIER

In their testimony before a House of Representatives subcommittee on June 30, the group was scheduled to detail a battle that began this spring: Pearl Jam wanted a

one example of how the band is challenging the music business. In the last year, it has broken such music-world commandments as these:

Why buck the system? "They probably feel a bit embarrassed by their success and feel like they should have

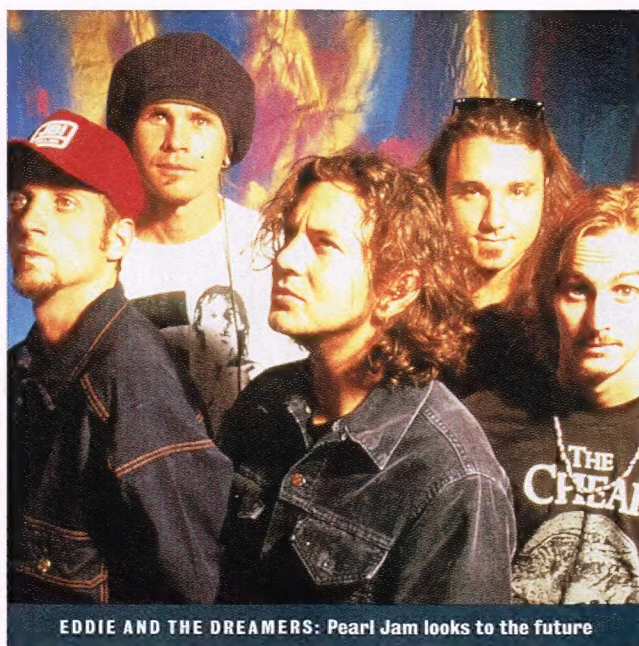
What's revolutionary is that Pearl Jam has proved a band can sell records without video support. "People are not burned out by seeing **Eddie Vedder's** face every minute on MTV," reasons Atlantic Records exec Michael

Krumper. Still, some cast a cold eye. Sniffs one insider, "It was weird how they made so many [videos for *Ten*] and kissed major MTV ass until they didn't need to anymore."

THOU SHALT RELEASE

A SINGLE When it comes to radio, most bands plan an onslaught of singles the way the Allies planned D-Day. Pearl Jam "wouldn't let us press singles," says an Epic Records exec. Epic shipped *Vs.* to radio stations with a carefree request: Play whatever you want. "They let the marketplace decide," Barnes says. "That's rare."

Put these things together, says the Epic exec, and Pearl Jam "has used its power to make an effect on the industry's conventions." But the joust with Ticketmaster raises the stakes. "You have to do business with Ticketmaster," says one veteran. "To bad-mouth them is not something anybody that's got a brain can do." Then why is



EDDIE AND THE DREAMERS: Pearl Jam looks to the future

Pearl Jam doing it? "They're young and noble, I guess."

Curtis says it's a matter of fair economics: "We're not trying to take on the world. We're just trying to get the best deals for fans." Ticketmaster sees it differently. "This is a marketing ploy," says spokesman Larry Solters. He believes the band "is fine-tun-

ing its antiestablishment image—and brilliantly, at that. Instead of doing videos and touring, they're complaining to the Justice Department."

So far, **R.E.M.** has joined Pearl Jam's ranks. Other rockers are skittish. You may hear their venom in private—one band spokesman calls Ticketmaster "the big-

gest slimebags on the face of the earth"—but nowhere else. (After all, as the only nationwide chain, Ticketmaster—which grossed \$1.3 billion in ticket sales in '93—exerts incredible clout. Although Ticketmaster denies it, music-industry insiders accuse the company of using that influence to keep promoters from booking tours without them.) Pam Lewis, **Garth Brooks'** comanager, first claimed that she and her client were rallying behind Pearl Jam; now she says that Brooks "does not want to get in the middle of this."

Risks aside, there are those who believe this is Pearl Jam's defining moment. "What all grunge bands have tried to communicate is that business-as-usual is over," says writer Dave Marsh, who was also to appear before Congress. "What Pearl Jam has now communicated is that they mean it." His advice to the biz: "Get on Pearl Jam's side. They're the future." ♦

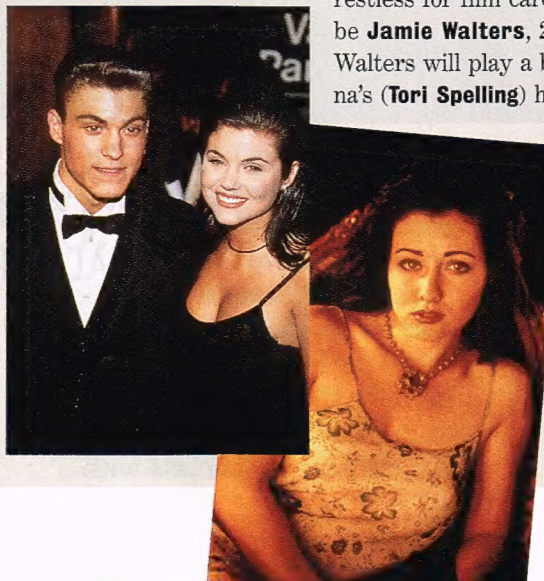
90210: THE NEXT GENERATION

STOP THE RUMORS. *Beverly Hills, 90210* finally has a new kid in town. Now that **Shannen Doherty's** Brenda has left home (she's in London studying acting), the void will be filled by **Tiffani-Amber Thiessen**, 20, late of NBC's canceled *Saved by the Bell: The College Years* and the real-life girlfriend of *90210* star **Brian Austin Green**. According to sources, Fox has cast Thiessen to play Valerie, the daughter of the Walshs' East Coast friends, who moves into Brenda's old room. It looks like Valerie will have no trouble filling Brenda's tempestuous heels. Once she joins up, the new girl will soon reveal that she's cool, she's beautiful, and

she's *trouble*: In a relationship with Dylan (**Luke Perry**), she'll drive him back to substance abuse.

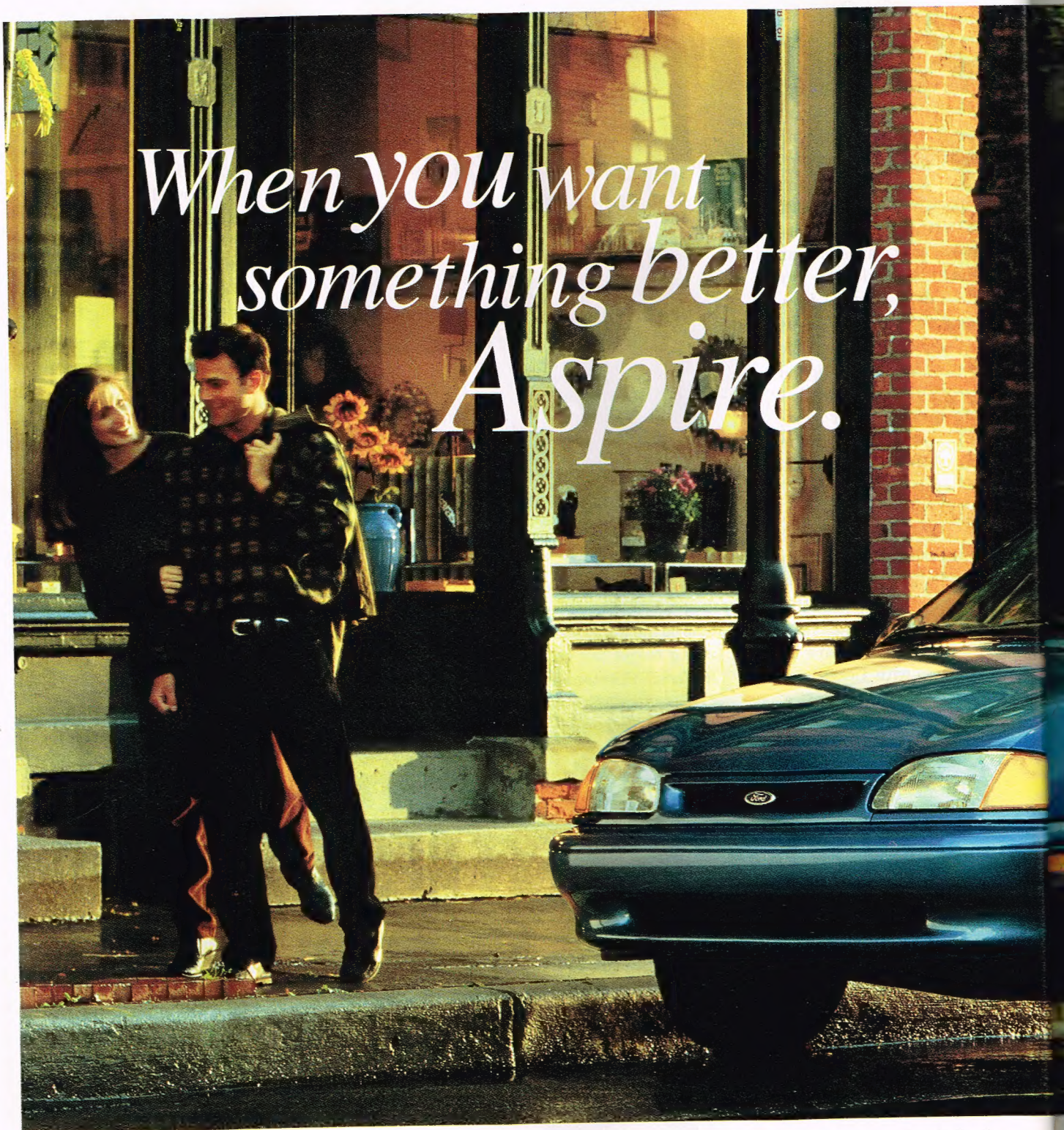
Thiessen is only one of several changes to the *90210* cast. With heartthrobs **Jason Priestley** (Brandon) and Perry both restless for film careers, *90210's* newest hunk will be **Jamie Walters**, 25. Last seen in *The Heights*, Walters will play a blue-collar guy who wins Donna's (**Tori Spelling**) heart. In the poor-boy/rich-girl

scenario, their romance will turn abusive. And **Kathleen Robertson** will return as Claire, the school chancellor's daughter. After moving into the beach house with Donna and Kelly (**Jennie Garth**), Claire will shift her lustful sights from Brandon to David (Green). We can hardly wait. —*Jessica Shaw*



OUT WITH THE OLD: Doherty, right, and her replacement, Thiessen (with Green)

DOHERTY: AARON RAPPOPORT; THIESSEN AND GREEN: RUSS EINHORN/VIAGRA



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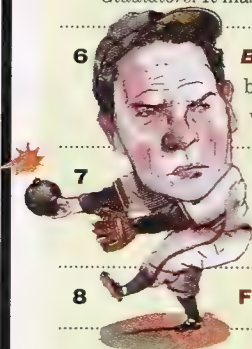
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JIM MULLEN'S
HOT SHEET

What the country is talking about this week...

- 1 **I LOVE TROUBLE** Julia Roberts, cub reporter. That's someone's fantasy. Most of them look more like Lyle Lovett.
- 2 **THE O.J. SIMPSON CHANNEL** All O.J., All the Time. Formerly known as CBS, NBC, and ABC.
- 3 **THE REAL WORLD** Twentysomethings sharing a million-dollar house in San Francisco. As real as Janet Jackson dropping by for dinner.
- 4 **THE SHADOW** "Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men?" Anyone who's ever dated one.
- 5 **TONYA HARDING** She'll be appearing soon on *American Gladiators*. It must be part of her punishment.
- 6 **BLOWN AWAY** Tommy Lee Jones as a mad bomber on the loose in Boston. He fits right in with the average Red Sox fan.
- 7 **SHARON STONE** She says Harry Winston gave her a \$400,000 diamond necklace. Now, there's a new idea—charity for the rich.
- 8 **FAYE DUNAWAY** Was she ever.
- 9 **JOHN WAYNE BOBBITT** He might become a stand-up comedian. Yeah, Lorena says he's a scream.
- 10 **THE CHRISTIAN RIGHT** What was Jesus' position on gun control? On health care? Jerry Falwell seems to know.
- 11 **BABY'S DAY OUT** The script should have been burped.
- 12 **PRINCE CHARLES** He's hinted that when he becomes king he will not be the head of the Church of England. He wants to party for the first few years.
- 13 **BARBRA STREISAND AND PETER JENNINGS** They attended a White House dinner together. They should have charged her \$350 a seat.
- 14 **DOONESBURY** A cartoon strip about gay marriages in the medieval church? *Mary Worth* is funnier.
- 15 **BETTE MIDLER** She may play the President's mom in the film of *Leading With My Heart*. Are there parts for the Harlettes, too?



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BARRY BLITT

NO LONGER HOLE: Love (front) with lost bandmate Pfaff (left), Eric Erlandson, and Patty Schemel



LOVE HURTS AGAIN

TWO MONTHS after her husband, **Kurt Cobain**, committed suicide, tragedy continues to cling to flamboyant **Hole** frontwoman **Courtney Love**. On June 16, Hole bassist **Kristen Pfaff**, 27, was found dead in the bathtub of her Seattle apartment, the apparent victim of a heroin overdose. "This is all the more tragic because [Pfaff] was in the process of moving back to Minneapolis to be with old friends until the Hole tour resumed," Ed Rosenblatt, president of the band's label, DGC Records, said in a prepared statement.

The band's request to attend the funeral was denied by Pfaff's family. "It wasn't anything personal," says Kristen's father, Norm Pfaff. "We just didn't want any publicity." The members of Hole, says the elder Pfaff, appeared to be friendly. "If there were any conflicts it might have been what is typical in a band situation," says Pfaff. "All bands have tensions within."

Before Pfaff's death, Love had gradually been emerging from mourning. In late May, she responded to Hollywood's interest in turning Cobain's life into a movie by entering a plea into America On-Line's international pop-underground folder: "Please stop it." She was spotted shopping in New York and attending the MTV Movie Awards on June 9 in Los Angeles with **R.E.M.**'s **Michael Stipe**, and was tentatively planning to return to the road with Hole this fall. Now, a DGC spokesman says, "I couldn't even hazard a guess as to when they'll tour." Love, however, released a statement through publicist Pat Kingsley, with whom she signed after Cobain's suicide, vowing "to continue on"—most likely by shooting another video clip for the prophetically titled album *Live Through This*.

DGC, meanwhile, has resumed some promotional activities for *Live Through This*, which reached No. 55 on the *Billboard* charts. But the company is not pressing Love to return to the business of selling records. "It's really a matter of what Courtney is ready emotionally to do," says a DGC exec. "The sign has to come from Courtney." —*Nisid Hajari, with reporting by Casey Davidson and Robert Seidenberg*

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F L A S H E S

ON THE GUMP: As *Forrest Gump*, Tom Hanks finds himself in the company of such U.S. Presidents as **John F. Kennedy** and **Lyndon Johnson**—and it's not that far-fetched. In real life, the Oscar-winning Hanks has shaken hands with his share of Commanders in Chief. "I met **George Bush** at a big kind of dinner and said 'Howdy-do,'" says Hanks. "Then I met **Bill Clinton** during a tour of the White House." But Hanks' most presidential moment came at yet another meeting with Clinton. "After a screening of *Philadelphia*, I was invited to spend the night [at the White House]. We stayed in the Queen's Bedroom, and I must say, it's the best bed-and-breakfast in the United States of America." —*Dan Bennett*



WHITE HOUSE SITTER: Hanks

in-studio encounter with the star. "If anybody should get a radio shot at her Heathersness, it should be us," says Fonseca, who's been a fan since 1989's *The Return of Swamp Thing*. "We've spent the year driving Austin's male *Melrose* fans out of the closet." Listeners working as extras on the *Justice* set broached the subject with Locklear, but her only response was to call the offer "sweet." Asked if the actress will make Fonseca's decade, Locklear's spokeswoman had no comment. —*Andy Langer*

MUSCLE-MAN BOUND: Dana Carvey still wants to pump...you up. He and cowriters, including **Conan O'Brien** and **Kevin Nealon**, have completed a script for a big-screen version of *Hans and Franz*—*Saturday Night Live*'s bodybuilders—that finds the two in search of their idol, **Arnold Schwarzenegger**. The twist? "It's a musical," says Carvey. The catch? Arnold hasn't agreed to costar. "We're trying to get him," says Carvey, "but he's a busy man." Especially since he'll need to take singing lessons before filming begins. "We want him to do the movie's theme song, 'No One Knows What a Muscle Man Feels,'" says Carvey. —*Cindy Pearlman*



PUMPED: Carvey, Nealon



PAULY SHORN: Shore

ARMY LIFE: *Speed*'s **Keanu Reeves** isn't the only awesome dude who shaved his head and got totally buff for a summer movie. **Pauly Shore** did the same for *In the Army Now*, his comic take on barracks life that's due out Aug. 5. And Shore went a step further: He suffered a wound. The mishap occurred during a battle scene

where Shore and his fellow warriors were firing machine guns. "Even with blanks, the brass cartridges still fly out," explains director Dan Petrie Jr. "When they come out, they're red-hot. And one landed on his neck." Shore didn't scream until the cameras stopped rolling. "I kept with it," says Shore, apparently hardened by military experience. "It hurt, but who gives a s---?" —*Jeff Gordinier*

TEXAS TEASE: While in Austin filming *Texas Justice*, an ABC miniseries, *Melrose Place*'s **Heather Locklear** has become the dweebish obsession of Austin's KLBK morning deejay Bob Fonseca. Fonseca and cohost Dale Dudley recently offered to donate \$500 to a listener's favorite charity if he or she could arrange an

RADIO ACTIVE: Locklear



ETC.: Is *Northern Exposure*'s **Rob Morrow** going south? It's been rumored—although denied by his spokeswoman—that he'll appear in only 13 of 22 shows next season. Morrow, who has made no secret of his desire for a big-screen career, is getting positive buzz for his role in **Robert Redford**'s *Quiz Show*, due this fall.... Fans of **Elvis Presley** paid a king's ransom for his artifacts at a Las Vegas auction last month, which netted \$2.5 million. Among the prices: \$23,000 for a pair of designer sunglasses; \$36,000 for Elvis' American Express card; and, oddest of all, \$650 for a tree limb that "mysteriously" fell during an argument at Elvis' funeral.

NEWS ABOUT MIGRAINE



M I G R

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MISSING
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A I N E, CALL YOUR DOCTOR.

BEING THERE

Beauty and the Beach

BY STEPHANIE DOLGOFF

*Models slink
and stars
wink in a
seaside party
for charity*

1 BABE-WATCH:
"It's flashing," said
Stone of his cam-
corder. "What does
that mean?"

2 NATURE BOY:
"I was raised by a
pack of wild models,"
said Stewart. "They
taught me how to
pout and wash my
car seductively."

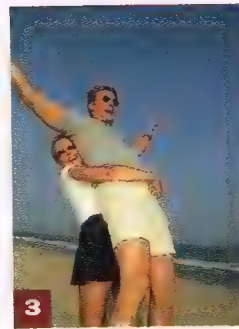
3 A PICK-ME-UP:
"I get stronger by
the beer," claimed
Dolph Lundgren, with
new wife Annette
Quiberg

4 PARTY LINE:
Schenkenberg, who
won for Best Abs

5 SILENT SIREN:
Elle Macpherson was
mum on rumors of a
James Bond role—"I
don't want to jinx
anything"



The Scene: The First Annual Hamptons Model Celebrity Beach Games, a cross between *Battle of the Network Stars* and a Summer Olympics for the Impossibly Beautiful, held in Montauk, N.Y. ♦ **The Dope:** Few stars actually got athletic. "The water is freezing here, isn't it?" asked ex-*Baywatch* star Nicole Eggert. ♦ **The Events:** The models faced off by agency in such events as swimming, kayaking, volleyball, and tug-of-war but seemed more concerned about their tans. ♦ **Best Distressed:** MTV talk-show host Jon Stewart's T-shirt said "Eat Poo." "Somehow I don't think it will impress a Brazilian model," he admitted. ♦ **Video Stare:** Oliver Stone gave the models the more-than-once-over through a camcorder. "It's a babefest," he pronounced. ♦ **Send Her In, Coach:** MTV VJ Kennedy declared herself game for one event—"the hosing down of [Versace model] Marcus Schenkenberg with a tub of Lubriderm." ♦ **Future Hype:** "Tokyo is bidding for the 1998 games," said Stewart, "but I don't think they have the facilities. They *have* the cameras." ♦



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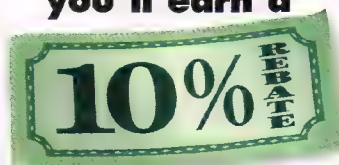
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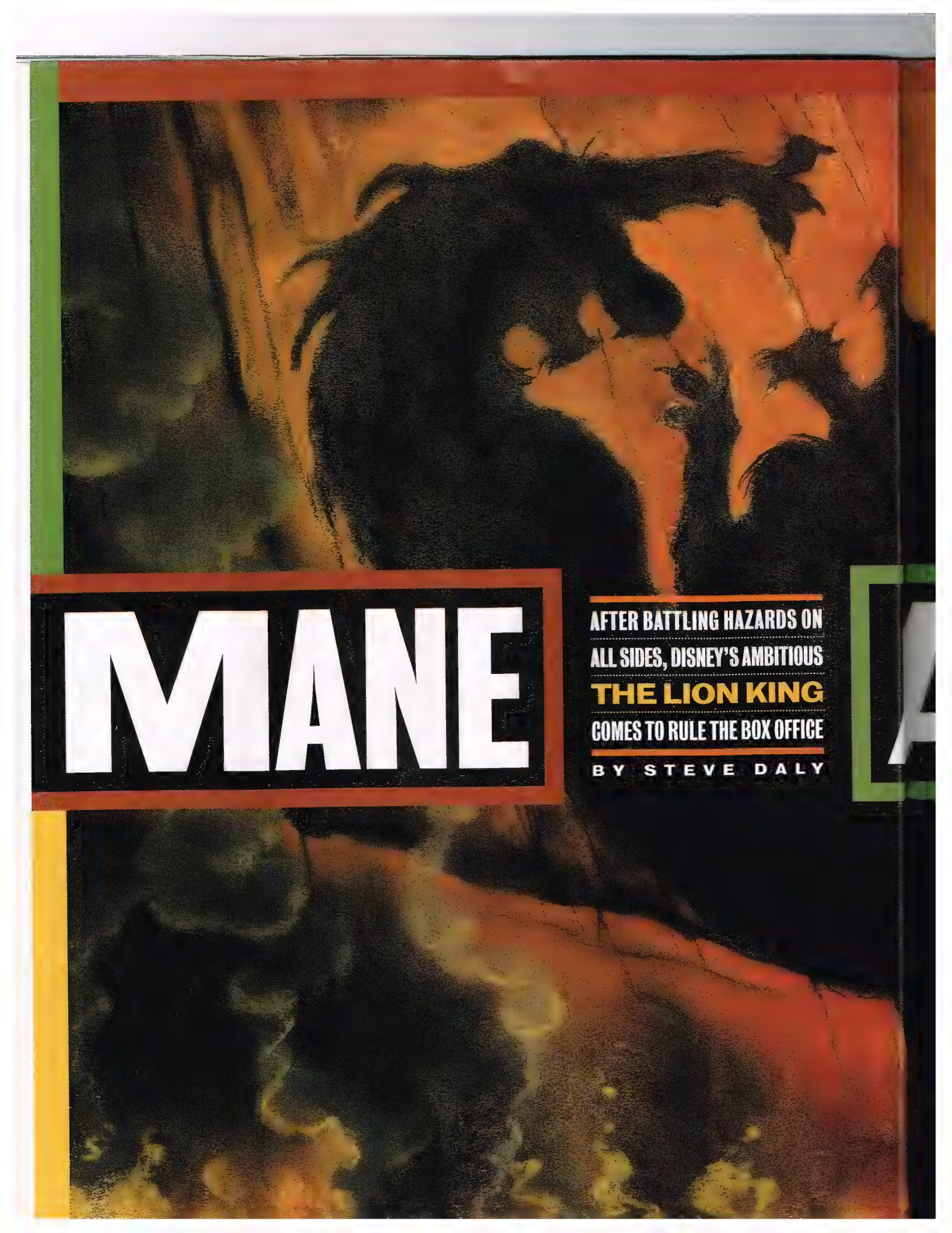
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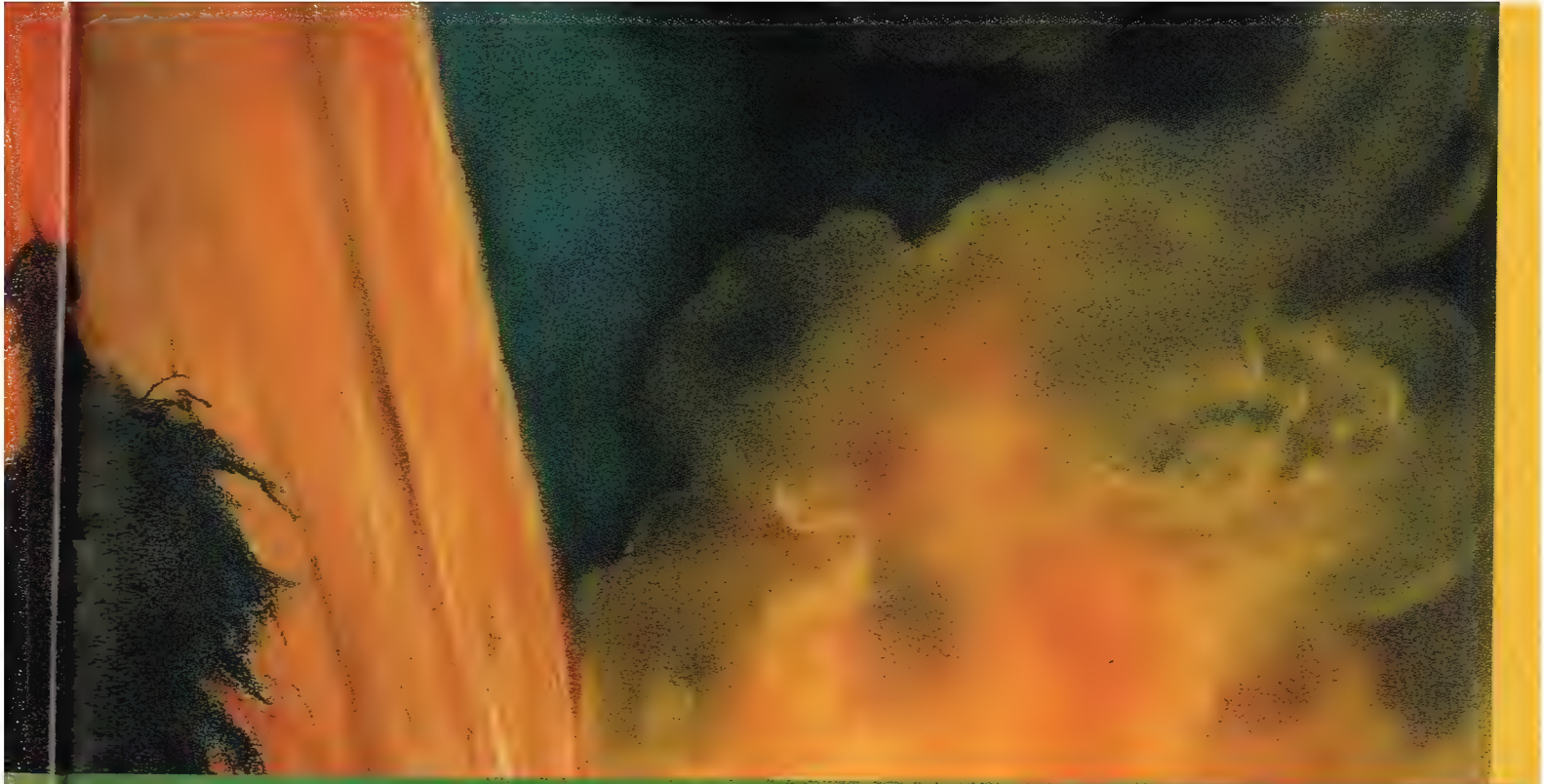
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MANE

AFTER BATTLING HAZARDS ON
ALL SIDES, DISNEY'S AMBITIOUS
THE LION KING
COMES TO RULE THE BOX OFFICE

BY STEVE DALY



ATTRACTION



A

T ANY SHOWING in any of the 2,550 theaters now playing Walt Disney Pictures' *The Lion King*, it's the gag virtually guaranteed to bring down the house: Late in the film, lion Simba asks his meerkat friend Timon, a nervous, weasel-like creature, to lure away a pack of hungry hyenas. "Whaddya want me to do," the little guy sputters, "dress in drag and do the hula?" Cut to Timon in a grass skirt warbling "Hawaiian War Chant." Kaboom—the audience goes off like a powder keg. ♦ But is Jonathan Roberts, one of three *Lion King* screenwriters, satisfied? Of course not. "I wish we'd had Timon in a coconut bra, like Ray Walston in *South Pacific*," he says. "That would've been funny."

There's no stifling the urge to improve in the perfectionist world of Disney feature animation, where *okay* means inadequate, *better* is getting there, and *socko* just might do. In the four years it took 600 artists and technicians to bring *The Lion King* to the screen (at an estimated cost of \$40 million, though insiders say it cost more), there's nary a shot, a line of dialogue, or a musical moment in Simba's journey to kingship that wasn't built, torn out, rebuilt, tinkered with, fixed again, and maybe fixed a few times more. In fact, in a Hollywood dominated by star-driven, megabudget projects rushed from script to screen for a short-term killing, long-view meticulousness is Disney's magic formula. No other production unit expends quite the same methodical effort to craft crowd-pleasing movies.

"With live action, you have eight or 12 weeks to do it as best you can," says Matthew Broderick, the voice of grown-up Simba. "Maybe you do two days of reshoots. But Disney's got the money to keep at these forever till they're happy. I mean, I worked on Simba on and off over the course of two years." (Not that he got much cash for it; one thing Disney doesn't splurge on is star salaries. Says Broderick: "I get all that tie-in merchandise for free, I think, and that's about it.")

"There are always changes, but never so many as on this one," says Andreas Deja, supervising animator of regicidal villain Scar. "One day, I just ran away. I said, 'I can't deal with this. When you know what scenes are going in the movie and what aren't, you tell me, and I'll come back and animate for you.' I've never done anything like that before."



These days, Disney animators can afford to be a tad temperamental. Look at the money they're bringing in: The escalating fortunes grossed worldwide in theaters by the studio's last three animated musicals—*The Little Mermaid*, *Beauty and the Beast*, and *Aladdin*—amount to \$181.7 million, \$349 million, and \$485.5 million, respectively, plus they racked up combined home-video retail sales of an estimated \$1.4 billion.

Now *The Lion King* stands poised to outpace all other Disney features at the box office, grossing \$40.9 million in its first three days of wide release last

weekend. It's the studio's biggest opening tally ever, and the fourth-biggest in movie history (behind *Jurassic Park*, *Batman Returns*, and *Batman*). And that's merely the start of *Lion's* share of revenues. Judging from the sales of Disney's other classics on cassette, the studio will probably net an additional \$250 million when the movie comes to video. Merchandise and theme-park tie-ins? Half a billion, easily. But Disney being Disney, that's just round one. Unless humanity ceases to bear children, there's the promise of lucrative reissues into the 21st century. None of Walt Disney's features—not even 1937's groundbreaking *Snow White*, which cost \$2 million and grossed four times that in its initial release—came close to returning such a yield so fast.

At the epicenter of the cashquake stands caffeine-fueled studio chief Jeffrey Katzenberg, 43, who, by all accounts, relishes running Disney's animation division far more than he does tracking Hollywood's ego-infested live-action jungle. Those who speculate Katzenberg is itchy for a bigger post at another studio say it's his 'toon darlings that could keep him at Disney. In the crushingly complex production logistics of animated features, he seems to have found a match for his relentlessly detail-oriented energies (on occasion he scheduled *Lion King* review meetings for 6 a.m., but codirectors Rob Minkoff and Roger Allers insisted he wait until 7 or 8). "These things are like the opposite of peeling an onion," Katzenberg enthuses. "We add layer after layer after layer."

King's makers, from art directors to film editors, praise Katzenberg's man-

PREVIOUS PAGE: PASTEL OF SIMBA AND SCAR BY KEVIN YASUDA FROM THE ART OF THE LION KING © THE WALT DISNEY COMPANY; THIS PAGE: WALT DISNEY PICTURES

PRIDE IN THEIR WORK

GROUP THINK CAN BE GOOD—THE **'LION KING' TEAM** PROFITS FROM ITS UNIFIED NATURE



How do you make a *Lion King* mighty? Very little whistling, lots of collaborative work. Says codirector Rob Minkoff, "People think that magically the elves are at work, just facelessly, selflessly doing it." Now, meet the elves.

HEAR THEM ROAR: (Front row, from left) codirector Roger Allers, lyricist Tim Rice, producer Don Hahn, and Minkoff; (middle row, from left) art director Andy Gaskill, story supervisor Brenda Chapman, composer Hans Zimmer, and Scar supervising animator

Andreas Deja; (back row, from left) Young Simba supervising animator Mark Henn, president of feature animation Peter Schneider, coscreenwriter Irene Mecchi, choral arranger and vocal soloist Lebo M., and coscreenwriter Jonathan Roberts.

agerial instincts, his nose for rooting out trouble spots in the story line (if not hitting on solutions), and the indefatigability of his tough love. But is Katzenberg really the heart of Disney animation's success, or just the head? Codirector Minkoff, who, like his partner, Allers, has worked at the studio for roughly a decade, laments that in the rush to analyze what makes Disney cartoons tick, many in the press have looked at a vast creative team and chosen to lionize one person: Jeffrey Katzenberg. "Although Jeffrey is very, very crucially involved," says Minkoff, "he spends literally maybe

**FOR THE FIRST TIME
SINCE 1970, A DISNEY
CARTOON FEATURE IS
NOT BASED
ON AN ESTABLISHED TALE**

FELINES OF LOVE: A long-lost Simba reunites with his betrothed, Nala



an hour a week looking at stuff we've already done and helping shape it from there. That is one *hundredth* of 1 percent of the work that goes on here."

THE ROOT OF ALL Disney cartoon lucre doesn't lie in Burbank, where Katzenberg and other executives work in wood-paneled splendor, surrounded by groomed lawns. No, most of the creative types currently toil about four miles to the southeast, in the smoggy industrial park of Glendale. There 700 artists labor in nine single-story converted warehouses surrounded chiefly

by asphalt. (Another 180 work in Disney's Eastern colony in Orlando.)

The animation department landed in Glendale back in 1985, when it was bumped off the main lot by new CEO Michael Eisner. Fallout from the big-budget disaster *The Black Cauldron* (one "Disney Classic" that's yet to be reissued in theaters or on tape) hung heavy in the air, but Roy Disney Jr., Walt's nephew and now vice chairman of Disney's board of directors, made Eisner promise he'd give the division a chance to reinvent itself. "We never actually discussed shutting down the animation department altogether," says Disney. "Had we made another bad movie, I think the discussion would have occurred."

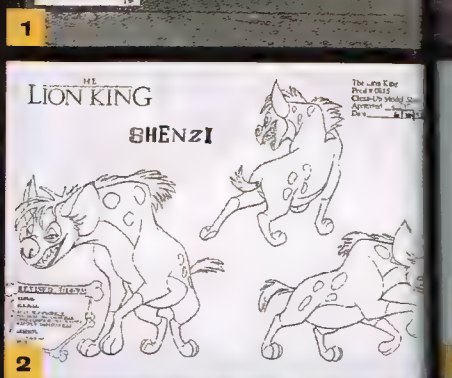
In the decade since, Roy Disney, Katzenberg, and a group of new executives have staged an astonishing comeback. They've put memorable tunes into their films again—except for 1990's adventure *The Rescuers Down Under*, which grossed \$27.8 million and was considered a dud (lesson: no more nonmusicals). They've increased the worldwide animation staff from a worn-down 150 to nearly 1,000, with swanky new digs nearly ready back in Burbank and no end to expansion in sight (six features are due by 1998, including *Pocahontas* next summer and *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* for Christmas 1995). They've also established their rallying cry—*story, story, story*—and they'll spend up to two years in preproduction working out the plot.

If planning is practically a religion at Disney animation, then the making of *The Lion King* was at times an extraordinary test of faith. "This feature probably had more obstacles thrown in the way of our expectations for it than any other we've made here," says Katzenberg. Stumbling block No. 1: For the first time since 1970's *The Aristocats*, Disney was making a cartoon feature not based on an established tale—a built-in safety net for *The Little Mermaid*, *Beauty and the Beast*, and *Aladdin*.

Equally thorny was the question of how—or whether—the creatures in this savanna should sing. When George Scribner (*Oliver & Company*) was assigned to direct in 1991, he envisioned the coming-of-age tale as very serious, very African, very un-pop. But while he was developing a naturalistic story sans

REMA

TRACING THE STEPS OF ANI



MAKING WHOOP!

ANIMON ALCHEMY THAT TURNED **GOLDBERG** INTO SHENZI, THE WISECRACKING HYENA



LIA NORD/CLOSE PHOTOS

THAT SMILE, those dreads—there's no mistaking Whoopi Goldberg as the inspiration for Shenzi, the hench-hyena whose voice she provides in *The Lion King*. How does a 'toon make-over work? Here's the division of labor:

1. STORY SKETCHES by Thom Enriquez map out sequence 5, scene 84: Cubs Simba and Nala flee hyenas Shenzi, Banzai (Gheech Marin), and Ed (Jim Cummings).

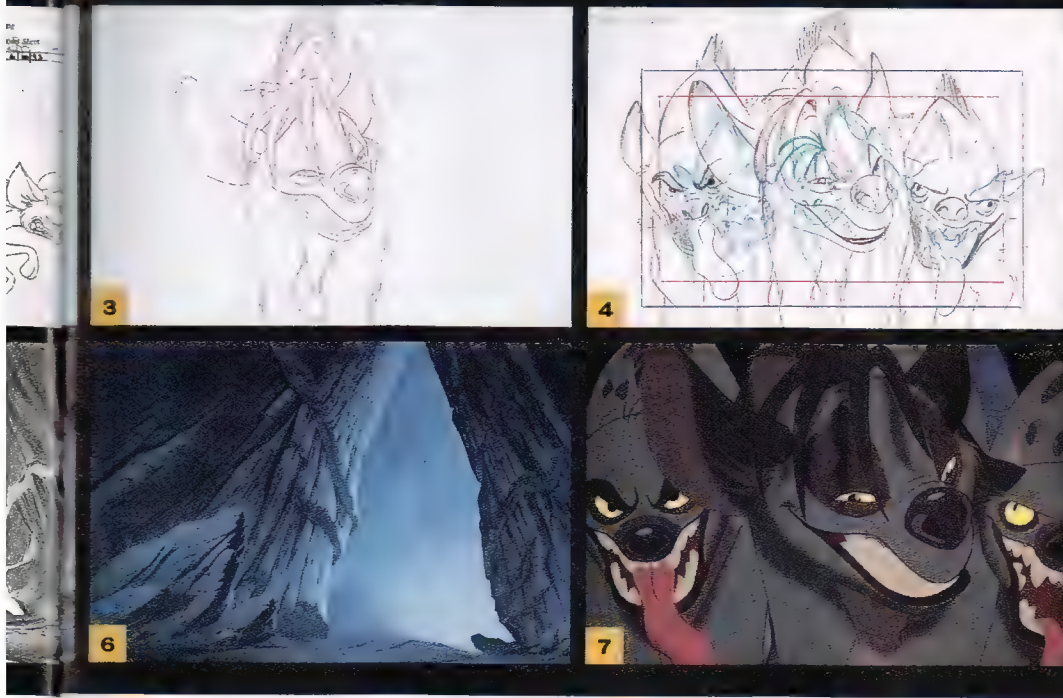
2. MODEL SHEETS show the 26 artists assigned to Shenzi how the character should look in various poses.

3. ANIMATION is hand-drawn on paper a frame at a time, a frame equaling $\frac{1}{24}$ of a second on screen. Alex Kupersmidt used Goldberg's prerecorded dialogue as the foundation for the mouth movements. (Animating first and lip-synching later would be much harder.)

4. A BLUE SKETCH charts the hyenas' movements during the entire length of the shot: Blue is the initial position; brown is where they end up.

5, 6. LAYOUT AND FINISHED BACKGROUND, much of which won't show up.

7. CAPS (COMPUTER-ASSISTED PRODUCTION SYSTEM) allows sophisticated fine-tuning of hues, shadows, and the positioning of characters. Bingo! Shenzi's ready for her close-up. —SD



NO MERE KAT

AS THE VOICE OF SIMBA'S PAL TIMON, **NATHAN LANE** MAKES AFRICA THE BORSCHT VELDT

GROOMING: PAMELA JENNETTE



IRONICALLY, DISNEY HEROES and heroines aren't the easiest characters to love. Maybe it's because they're so damn good. It's always the imperfect, overeager second bananas who steal our hearts: the seven dwarves, the calypso-singing crab, the big blue genie—all cute, cuddly, and plush-toy ready.

But *Lion King* audiences are falling for a most unlikely critter: Timon, a nervous little meerkat, adept at standing on his hind legs and digging with his claws. Not the kind of thing you'd expect to adopt at Toys "R" Us, except that this meerkat has the manic rhythms, mannerisms, and eyebrows of Nathan Lane—the New York stage actor adept at delivering one-liners, projecting a put-upon loveliness, and, in this case, lending a crucial element of goofy levity to an often dark and scary film.

When Lane landed the role in 1992, he brought the Runyonesque cadences he was already using as Nathan Detroit

in Broadway's *Guys and Dolls*. But there was one problem: He wasn't sure what a meerkat was. "I don't get out much," he explains. "A friend of mine gave me a *National Geographic* documentary about meerkats, and they're really kind of hilarious. Rarely do people know what they are, but there have been people who've gone, 'A meerkat?' and gotten very excited. So they have a small cult following in the animal kingdom."

Over an 18-month period, animators videotaped Lane and his *Guys and Dolls* costar Ernie Sabella (the voice of Timon's warthog buddy, Pumbaa) while the pair recorded their lavishly ad-libbed vocal tracks. The artists later gave Timon many of Lane's own idiosyncrasies. "Timon does something that I do all the time. I just bury my head in my hands like this," says Lane, demonstrating. "And the animal does it. That's really scary [to watch]."

Outside of theater circles, Lane, 38, is best known as Michelle Pfeiffer's endearing gay neighbor in 1991's *Frankie & Johnny* and as the beleaguered insomniac of NyQuil ads. He left *Guys and Dolls* in 1993, and is now starring on Broadway in Neil Simon's *Laughter on the 23rd Floor* as a Sid Caesar-esque '50s TV person-

ality. Like that legendarily benumbed performer, Lane has also cleaned up his act off stage: He stopped drinking and says he's been sober for about a year. (His father, an alcoholic, died when Lane was 11, and Lane's mother, a secretary, raised him and his two siblings in Jersey City, N.J.)

But the teetotaling Lane is in no danger of becoming a bland, goody-goody Disney hero. He'll soon star in the film version of Paul Rudnick's Off Broadway play *Jeffrey*, playing a wildly gay Catholic priest who thinks Tommy Tune should be Pope. And don't look for Lane to make a career out of *The Lion King's* spin-offs. "You think I'm gonna get in a meerkat suit and be dancing at the New Amsterdam [Disney's Broadway theater] in the stage version of *The Lion King*?" says Lane, wrinkling his eyes. "I don't think so." —*Jess Cagle*

showstoppers, top animation execs were consulting with lyricist Tim Rice about turning *The Lion King* into a more conventional musical, and courting Elton John to write the melodies. For months, the top brass nixed Scribner's concepts. Finally, they nixed Scribner.

"George was taking it in a direction everyone seemed to have agreed on," says animator Mike Surrey, who choreographed most of Timon's wise-guy shtick. "When that direction changed, it didn't seem he'd be able to change with it." *Beast* producer Don Hahn was brought in to take up the baton, along with first-time feature directors Allers, a story expert, and Minkoff, an animation ace.

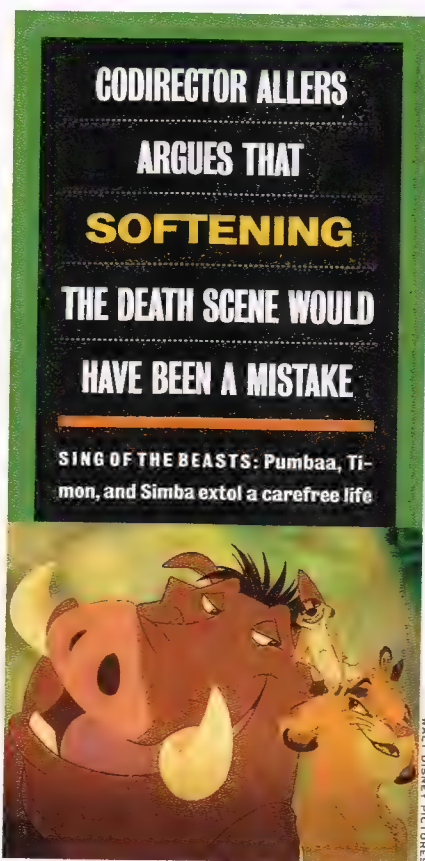
The task of reshaping Scribner's *Hamlet-on-the-Serengeti* into a bouncy yet movingly mythical hero's journey weighed heavily on story supervisor Brenda Chapman. Meeting the mandate for big production numbers was toughest. "We sort of rebelled at having King Mufasa break out in song," she says. "I don't know what James Earl Jones' singing voice would sound like, but he was so regal. To have him go 'aaahh, aaahh' all of a sudden would just kill it."

Meanwhile, news of difficulties with *King* left many of Disney's most experienced animators quietly padding away from the project. "Here we were, a lotta newer guys, faced with the task of doing a film that nobody really wanted to work on," says Tony Bancroft, supervising animator of Timon's warthog pal, Pumbaa. "People kept saying, 'Boy, I feel sorry for you!' [and left us] definitely feeling like we were the B team."

HOW DID THE runt of the litter grow up to be so strong? Say it again: *story, story, story*. One of the techniques unique to Disney animation is the constant trying out of scenes, a ritual that works much like the mounting of a stage show. All through the painfully slow procedure of working music into *Lion* and chucking out dead-end plot elements (such as a trio of childhood pals who were to grow up with Simba), the directors were, in effect, always in full dress rehearsal. "We're actually sort of making the movie even in that initial phase, on the [story] boards," says Minkoff. Each scene is rendered in small sketches attached to huge sheets of particleboard,

with the dialogue written beneath each illustration. When successive rounds of executives stop in to see how it's shaping up—Minkoff calls them "the Jeffrey tasters"—the directors and animators "pitch" the board, performing the parts. "It's much easier to know what you think of that than it would be reading a script," says Minkoff. "If an idea works, it stays on the wall."

"Our in-house story department is the totally unsung thing about our process," says Tom Schumacher, Disney's VP of feature animation development. "They're artists who can also write." On *King* es-



pecially, it was this core of staff artists—17 are named in the credits—who pulled together material from the screenwriters, the executives, and the directors and kept the tone consistent.

"A lot of the characters' personality traits come out of that process, because the storyboard artist lives with a character for a long time," says production designer Chris Sanders, who "boarded" several sequences. In fact, despot Scar's fascistic paean to usurpers, "Be Prepared" (gamely sung by Jeremy Irons), grew out of one sketch by story staffer Jorgen Klubien that pictured Scar as

Hitler. The directors ran with the concept and worked up a *Triumph of the Will*-style mock-Nuremberg rally, uncertain whether Katzenberg would go for it. Perhaps they didn't know that at age 20, Katzenberg had helped manage New York City mayor John Lindsay's 1972 presidential campaign. The political allegory tickled him completely.

Well, almost completely: One of the finished shots of goose-stepping hyena stooges got blown up and cropped tighter in the final release prints. "I heard they got cold feet," says Scar animator Deja. "Too over-the-top, I guess, which is what I loved about it."

The decision appears to have been an aesthetic one and not the result of any audience reaction (though Disney animation certainly solicits more of that than other studios, says editor Tom Finan; starting last November, 11 test screenings were held for *Lion*, ranging from kid-heavy matinees to late-night date crowds). Still, says Deja, the scene makes its point as is. "It's adult, you know? It says to people, we don't do girls with little birds on their fingers going 'lalalalala' anymore."

Nothing drives that message home harder than the film's most disturbing moment: the murder of Mufasa by Scar as Simba looks on. The scene is so strong that retired animators Frank Thomas and Ollie Johnston objected when they were invited in for a look. "They didn't think it was such a good idea to show Simba approaching his father's dead body," says Deja. "They said, 'Leave it off screen, the way we did in *Bambi*.'"

Such soft-pedaling would be a mistake, argues codirector Allers, whose own father died a few years before production began. "I don't think it's wrong for people to cry in a movie. If things like death are upsetting to children, I think movies are a pretty good way of exploring it. You go with your parents, hopefully, and maybe afterwards you talk about it."

Movies you can talk about afterward—that's something Hollywood doesn't give audiences very often, especially in summertime. And whether or not you leave *The Lion King* consumed with questions about life, death, and the way the Disney folks tried to get it all down, you can be sure that in Glendale, they're taking another meeting about it right now. ♦



IT'S THE LARRY SANDERS GLOSSARY

IN AN EARLY episode of HBO's *The Larry Sanders Show*, Sanders' dim-witted talk-show sidekick, Hank Kingsley (Jeffrey Tambor), explained the origin of his tag line, "Hey now!" "When I was a kid, I used to say 'hey,' and then later I said 'now,' but I never put it together until later." ♦ It didn't take quite that long for star-executive producer Garry Shandling and cocreator Dennis Klein to think up "Hey now!," a knockoff of Ed McMahon's "Hi-O!" Little did they know it would become a real catchphrase. "I get a lot of 'Hey now!'" Tambor says. "Sometimes I hear it yelled from cars." ♦ Larry's monologue-closing mantra, "Don't flip around" (or "No flipping"), accompanied by a mimed remote control akin to Johnny Carson's golf swing, doesn't get quoted to Shandling on the street, but that doesn't bother him. "I'm thrilled that no one says my name followed by any version of the word *flip*," he jokes. "There's a double entendre in there somewhere." ♦ But "Hey now!" and "Don't flip around" are only two of the memorable phrases heard on *Sanders*. Here are 64 more:

B Y B R U C E F R E T T S

- ♦ **Andropolis** Greek luxury liner on which Hank served as cruise director prior to his *Larry Sanders* gig
- ♦ **applesauce** bad pun Hank uses to warm up the audience ("That sign says 'Applesauce.' No, no, no, I'm kidding. It says 'Applause.'")
- ♦ **Roseanne and Tom Arnold** couple who scold Larry for censoring gay performance artist Tim Miller and sometimes park in Hank's space
- ♦ **Elizabeth Ashley** *Evening Shade* star who has a steamy encounter with Larry's executive producer, Artie (Rip Torn), in the wardrobe room
- ♦ **blower** Hank-ese for the telephone ("Get Ray Combs on the blower.")
- ♦ **Dana Carvey** ex-SNLer who guest-hosts for Larry, then gets offered a late-night talk show on another network
- ♦ **Dick Cavett** CNBC chatterbox who Hank falsely claims has offered him a cohost job during his contract talks
- ♦ **Chicken in a Minute** poultry chain Hank wants to mention on the show to get picked as its national spokesman
- ♦ **Come here!** phrase that Larry's second wife, Jeannie (Megan Gallagher), suggests as an alternate to "Hey now!"
- ♦ **David Copperfield** illusionist whom Hank's spacey secretary, Darlene (Linda Doucett), once a magician's assistant, supposedly dated
- ♦ **crap column** Hank's term for the work of an *L.A. Times* reporter who printed a Montana woman's bogus paternity claim against Larry
- ♦ **crapper** Artie-speak for restroom; not to be confused with "clapper," the sound-activated device Hank uses to turn out his office lights
- ♦ **Denny's** downscale restaurant where Larry has a manual encounter with the Mon-

tana woman in the parking lot
 ◆ **Elaine Artie's** unseen fifth wife, who's often away on safari ("Elaine's in Kenya...for three months to photograph zebras humping.")

◆ **Entertainment Weekly** magazine that prints Arsenio Hall's threat to "kick [Larry's] ass" and later uncovers chaos at *Sanders* (Artie: "It's not exciting enough for them, so they make up this s—.")

◆ **Excedrin and artichoke hearts** items Larry is buying when he knocks into a woman in a supermarket, setting off a media frenzy

◆ **Garden-Weasel** weeding implement the network forces Larry to do live commercials for on the show

◆ **Ghost** tearjerker that Jeanie tells Larry's coworkers is his favorite film; movie-studio execs later suggest that the ending of a screenplay Larry has written should resemble *Ghost's* finale

◆ **girdle** restrictive garment sported by Hank ("I wear this girdle for medical reasons....I am performing with pain.")

◆ **the glance** subtle look Larry gives Hank when he needs his help during an interview; Hank worries that guest-host Carvey won't use it ("If he doesn't give me the glance, I'm going to leave him standing there with his tallywhacker right in his hand.")

◆ **Bobcat Goldthwait** screeching comic Larry tries to convince the network to sign as host of its 12:30 a.m. show

◆ **Merv Griffin** unctuous talk-show host who gave Larry his big break and whom Larry later betrayed by going on Carson

◆ **guest #1 cups** specially marked mugs given to the first celeb interviewed on

each show and fought over by Bruno Kirby and Steven Wright when both were booked for the same spot

◆ **Cindy Halloran** demented Pensacola, Fla., woman who once stalked Hank across seven states

◆ **hand-on-hand** flirtatious move made on Larry by guest Mimi Rogers, whom he later dates

◆ **Hankerciser 200** doorknob-attached fitness gizmo Hank hawks on a home-shopping channel and Larry's journalist ex-wife, Francine (Kathryn Harrold), nearly exposes as dangerous

◆ **Hankmobile** personalized golf cart Hank requests during his contract talks and ends up having to pay for himself

◆ **Hank's for the Memories** fanzine Hank personally writes and distributes

◆ **Hank's Kerchief** racehorse Hank once owned, known for jumping the rails at Santa Anita three races in a row

◆ **Hank's Look Around Cafe** revolving bistro ("Where you and your food go on an adventure") into which Hank sinks vast sums of money

◆ **Hank's Thoughts** "Larry King's People"-like column in *Hank's for*

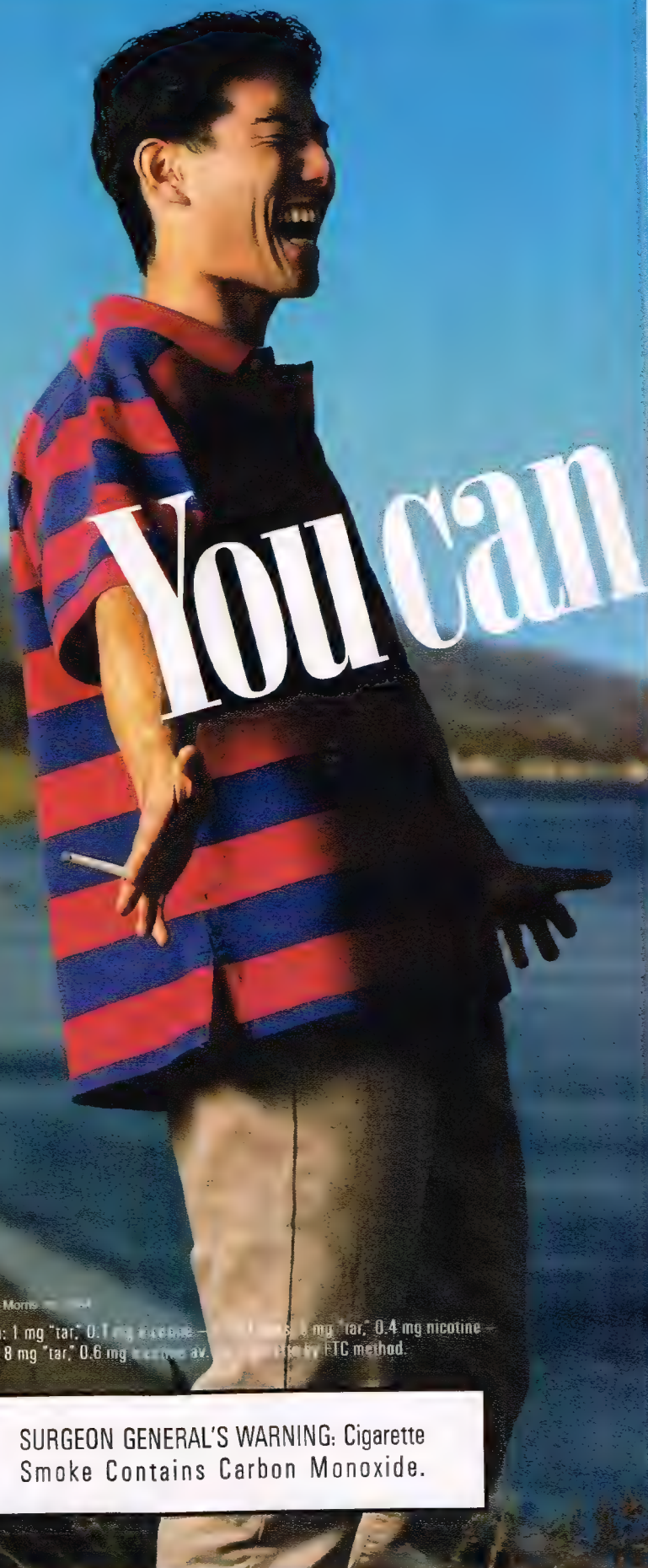
the Memories ("Maybe it's me, but I think Sharon Gless should be on TV every night.")

◆ **Hollywood Madame** escort-service operator Hank patronized during the mid-'80s ("I was carrying some excess weight and I had a persistent skin rash...it was hard for me to get dates.")

◆ **I'm Larry, He's Stan** comedy album Larry cut with alcoholic ex-partner Stan Paxton (Eric Bogosian) in the mid-'70s, which features the track "The Man on the Street Meets the Man on the Moon"

◆ **I'm the head writer** phrase that Jerry (Jeremy Piven) ut-





do it!

You can switch
down to lower tar
and still get
satisfying taste.



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Ultima: 1 mg "tar," 0.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

You've
got
MERIT

LENO MONEY: CHUMP CHANGE; LETTERMAN MONEY: BIG BUCKS

ters incessantly while having sex with a voluptuous new writer behind Larry's talk-show desk

◆ **I'm wetting myself** phrase that publicist Norman (David Paymer) utters incessantly while pondering how best to exploit Larry's checkout line incident

◆ **I saw this coming** refrain Artie repeats whenever anything goes wrong

◆ **Leno money** chump change (Artie: "It's not Leno money, is it? Because I hear he's getting f---ed!")

◆ **Letterman money** big bucks (Larry: "I'm doing pretty good. I mean, I don't make Letterman money.")

◆ **Little Mickey** Mickey Mouse-shaped mark on Larry's genitalia; cited in the Montana paternity suit

◆ **the loop** office

◆ **Regis Philbin** ex-Joeey Bishop sidekick who inspires hope in Hank for his career if he ever loses his job

◆ **Salty Dog** half-salt, half-vodka cocktail favored by Artie ("Have a Salty Dog. Drink it, you p---y!")

◆ **The Sanders Shuffle** novelty dance created by college students imitating Larry's checkout-line maneuver

◆ **Say now!** catchphrase

The New Price Is Right; Jerry gets hammered there after being fired

◆ **Snapple** often-fruity drink found in Larry's refrigerator in Montana

◆ **Tom Snyder** ex-*Tomorrow* host whom Larry picks as his 12:30 a.m. man after Letterman jokingly tells Larry he wants Snyder for the same slot on CBS

◆ **David Spade** *SNL*-er who enrages Larry and Artie by going on Leno one night before he's booked on *Sanders*

◆ **speed-through** double-time recitation of jokes that stand-ups go through with talent booker Paula (Janeane Garofalo) so she can check for objectionable content

◆ **"Spinning Wheel"** Blood, Sweat & Tears tune that opens Hank's song-and-dance act (Artie tells him not to start with such a show-stopper.)

◆ **tarantula arm races** insect stunt Larry and Carol Burnett engage in; he panics and flings one of the spiders on top of Hank's head

◆ **Alex Trebek** *Jeopardy!* emcee who performs Hank's wedding on the show after Hank nixes Gavin MacLeod

◆ **Unidac Electronics** Garage-door manufacturer and owner of the unnamed network that airs *Sanders*

◆ **the weird intern** rarely seen employee who gets blamed for everything and gets stuck with the worst jobs, like cleaning Larry's ointment applicators

◆ **Xanax and wine** dangerous combination Larry ingests before having a one-night stand with his loyal assistant, Beverly (Penny Johnson) ◆



◆ **I saw your b---s** admission Carol Burnett makes after a loincloth-clad Larry exposes himself while rehearsing a Tarzan sketch with her

◆ **A Jackie Mason Hanukkah** holiday special that Emmy voters pass over Larry's show to nominate

◆ **keychains** Artie's derisive term for agents who accompany their clients to the show

◆ **Kingsley's Queens** Hank's fan club of overweight, middle-aged housewives; the name is embossed on their yellow-and-purple satin jackets

grapevine Larry asks Artie to help connect him to, then changes his mind ("I just want out of the loop. This is a bad, evil loop.")

◆ **mid-show water bottle** liquid refreshment Darlene delivers to Hank during the 6:04 p.m. commercial break

◆ **Norm Crosby's Comedy Shop** fictional show hosted by the malaprop comic for which Larry was a young writer

◆ **penis vagina** phrase Darlene inserts into *Hank's for the Memories* because she's feeling unappreciated by him

Hank uses while calling lottery numbers after Larry leaves the show for Montana ("Hey now!" is the intellectual property of the *Sanders* show.)

◆ **George Segal** actor-banjoist who personifies a safe, mainstream guest

◆ **Gene Siskel** film critic who scuffles backstage with fellow guest John Ritter over his review of the *Three's Company* star's movie *Skin Deep*

◆ **The Smokehouse** nearby watering hole Hank haunts after the show, once accompanied by a spokesmodel from

PULP

NONFICTION

ONLY TWO HOURS after the bodies of O.J. Simpson's ex-wife Nicole Brown Simpson and her friend Ronald Lyle Goldman were discovered lying in a sea of blood in a posh Los Angeles enclave, Tom Colbert was on the phone to Bill Birnes, an L.A. book packager. Colbert, the president of Industry R&D, a research company that seeks out hot stories before they get hot, told Birnes, "There's a really big story breaking in Brentwood. It hasn't even hit the wires yet." By six the next morning, Birnes was talking to New York publishers about doing an instant book on the grisly murders.

Is the Simpson case too tragic to commercialize à la Tonya and Nancy? Not when you consider that 95 million people watched spellbound as Simpson made his last dash across the L.A. freeways on June 17. That number is just too hard to ignore for the loose conglomeration of agents, movie producers, and book publishers who turn today's tragedies into tomorrow's entertainment.

"The true-life drama in this is so sensational," says Howard Braunstein, who produced NBC's Amy Fisher movie. "How much more can be done?" Plenty. The Simp-

THE SAGA OF O.J. SIMPSON HAS ALREADY SPARKED A SLEW OF BOOK AND TV DEALS

son story has already spawned its own cottage industry. Three instant books are being written, two TV movies are in development, and countless hours of network time have already been devoted to what's turning out to be one of the most sensational crimes of the century. The tally so far:

◆ **The news media:** No network news organization pursued the story with greater abandon than ABC. When Simpson became a fugitive that June afternoon, ABC News president Roone Arledge called together the producers of the network's news shows and asked for an unpre-

cedented cooperative approach. "Let's make this an all-magazine effort," he said. Arledge then sent producers from *Day One*, *Turning Point*, *PrimeTime Live*, *Nightline*, and *20/20* out to the scene of the crime.

Although ABC's coverage began with some less-than-congenial teamwork during the live car chase—at one point anchor Peter Jennings told Barbara Walters to be "quiet for a second"—the network's cooperative coverage scored some of the highest ratings ever for its news-magazines, all of which won their time slots during the

B Y A L B E R T K I M

TRAGIC TRUTH CONFESS

caught on 911 tape

OPS

GLORIE



CRIME SCENE

EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS

QUEEZE

Autopsy shows the savagery

BLOODY MASK FOUND O.J.



Lawyer for O.J. Simpson Quits Case
Simpson in jail cell is described as depressed, crying

MURDER



O.J. MURDERS

THE O.J. MURDERS

THE VIOLENT UNTOLD STORY

O.J. SIMPSON AMERICAN TRAGEDY

It was a lurid love triangle of sex, jealousy & fo-beating



OUTLIVE

is racist to say that blacker is more sinister



Artis drama re-creat

VICTIM



Unsettled

Unsettled



THE CASE AGAINST O.J. SIMPSON

IT'S THURSDAY NIGHT

[*do you know where your favorite movie is?*]

Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis and Marilyn Monroe
star in

Some Like It Hot



hosted by
Phil Hartman

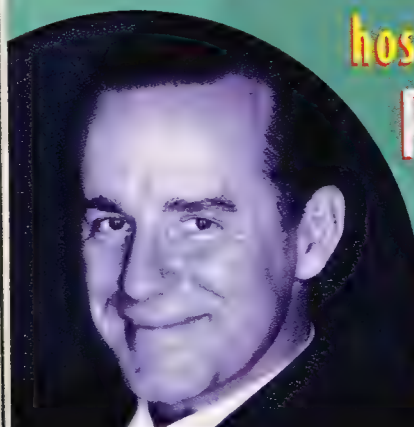
NEXT WEEK: Kevin Bacon hosts "Diner"

**THURSDAY, JULY 7TH
9PM(ET)**

We love this stuff as much as you do!



SUMMER EDITION '94



week of June 19-25. "I've never seen that kind of coordinated push before," says Betsy West, *Turning Point's* producer. "I imagine it will be a model for the future."

Future ratings successes will depend on whether the network can continue to outmaneuver NBC and CBS for the big exclusives. Who are the most wanted? After Simpson's girlfriend Paula Barbieri (whom ABC's Diane Sawyer landed for *PrimeTime Live*), the list includes Simpson's mother; his first wife, Marquerite; and best friend Al Cowlings.

For the tabloid shows, the Simpson murder case couldn't have happened at a worse time. The staffs of both *Hard Copy* and *Inside Edition* were on hiatus. But *Hard Copy*, which had to get by with skeletal crews, did air an exclusive interview with Jill Shively, a grand-jury witness who claims to have seen an enraged Simpson driving near his ex-wife Nicole's house around the time of the murders. After Shively accepted money for her story (reportedly \$5,000), her attorney said prosecutors would not use her testimony because her credibility had been tainted.

♦ **The TV movies:** Considering the recent onslaught of reality-based TV movies, a Simpson drama seems inevitable. But the networks appear ambivalent about dramatizing the crime. Simpson is close friends with executives at both ABC, where he worked for three years as a *Monday Night Football* analyst, and NBC, where he's been a sports reporter since 1989. "A Simpson movie is highly political," says one veteran producer. "He has very powerful friends. O.J. played golf with everybody in the business. He's been to their homes and played with their children. He was in the 'in' crowd. You don't kill your own."

But one fact stands out: 95 million people. And when such an enormous figure is tossed around, all bets are off. "We have never said we're not interested in a movie," says an ABC source. "We're keeping our options open. We'll wait and see how the story develops."

Even less circumspect is Fox, which has decided to make a Simpson movie because it "will get them attention," says a source at a competing network. Although Fox won't confirm it has a film in the works, it has contacted an actor for the lead role. Dorian Harewood, a star of the syndicated series *Viper*, was approached last week to portray Simpson. "He has some moral dilemmas about doing this," says John Blanchette, Hare-

wood's publicist. "He's not going to play a bloodthirsty killer."

♦ **Instant books:** Soon after Birnes' first calls to publishers, he sold his book to supermarket-tabloid publisher Globe Communications. The volume is set to hit shelves July 6. Such breathtaking rapidity is nothing new in the world of quickie publishing. "In this business," says Sarah Gallick, executive editor at Pinnacle Books, whose 328-page Simpson bio was the first to reach stores (on June 27), "if you're not the lead horse, the view is always the same."

But even before the first pages of this book could be thumbled, the second Simpson publishing wave had started. Best-selling writer Joe McGinniss (*Fatal Vision*) was re-

portedly closing in on a \$1 million deal last week for the "definitive" book on the case.

♦ **Pending projects:** An exercise video, a TV pilot, and an educational film, all featuring Simpson, were jolted into new prominence after the murder and arrest.

The Playboy exercise video, *Minimum Maintenance Fitness for Men*, like all other Simpson paraphernalia, is now in high demand—37 news organizations had requested a copy within days of the arrest. "It's not that what we have is that desirable," says Bill Farley, a Playboy spokesman. "It's just another piece of information regarding the last days of O.J." But as of last week, Playboy had yet to decide whether to release the tape. NBC was also undecided about what to do with *Frogmen*, a one-hour pilot about a group of Navy SEALs led by Simpson.

Perhaps the reason so many people are desperate to obtain these works is

that they might discover another scene like the one found in *For Goodness Sake*, a KCET educational film that aired on June 25. In the program, which features vignettes of moral dilemmas, Simpson appears in a two-minute allegory about temptation. Shown poring over a restaurant menu, Simpson blithely discusses immorality. "I'm going to try this one," he says at one point, "spreading an unsubstantiated rumor." After news of the murders broke, the film's distributors edited out the scene.

The irony is astonishing: Double-murder suspect O.J. Simpson discusses morality. It's a small detail, but the scrutiny on this story is such that all details, no matter how tiny, become telling, at least in the eyes of mesmerized journalists, publishers, and producers. "This is the biggest story I have ever seen," observes Steve Friedman, executive producer of the *Today* show. "Or at least the latest biggest story." ♦ (Additional reporting by Rebecca Ascher-Walsh, Pat H. Broeske, and Frank Swertlow)

"O.J. PLAYED GOLF WITH EVERYBODY IN THE BUSINESS. HE WAS IN THE 'IN' CROWD."



WATERLOGGED: Simpson's arrest has left the NBC series *Frogmen* in limbo

GLOBE PHOTOS

Summery Judgment

Hollywood heats up the theaters with a wave of vacation films—'I Love Trouble,' 'Wyatt Earp,' 'Blown Away,' and more. But there's nothing much new under the sun.

THEY MIGHT not make 'em like they used to, but it isn't for lack of trying. This week, summer-movie audiences are being treated to a romantic comedy modeled on the screwball detective yarns of the '40s; an epic Western about America's mythical frontier lawman; a cops-and-bombers thriller; and a fantasy spun off from a superhero who predates Batman. Here's a roundup of how well Hollywood is doing living in the past.

Get Me Rewrite

Nolte and Roberts scoop to conquer in 'I Love Trouble'

BEN HECHT used to eat here," high-profile columnist Peter Brackett (Nick Nolte) informs cub reporter Sabrina Peterson (Julia Roberts) at one point in **I LOVE TROUBLE** (Touchstone, PG). He's invoking the name of the legendary Chicago newspaperman and coauthor of that corking ink-stained comedy *The Front Page* when the two newspaperpersons turn up at the same Chicago lunch counter while competing on a hot story. "I'm not your Girl Friday," Peterson informs Brackett later as the couple squabble in their race to scoop each other, invoking the name of that snappy *Front Page* romantic remake starring Cary Grant and Rosalind Russell.

Nope. She's not. Too bad. Because although I don't expect Hechtian zingers from *Trouble* writers Nancy Meyers (who also produced) and Charles Shyer (who also directed)—the couple best known for such moist smilies as *Baby Boom* and the remake of *Father of the*

Bride—I would like once, just once, for Roberts to really click magnetically with her costar and really get a chance to enjoy a grown-up wit. And the headline is, Roberts doesn't get that chance in this slow-moving romantic feature story.

Now, I know that most newspaper columnists look more like Jon Lovitz than Nick Nolte. I know most beat reporters do not wear high heels when investigating the ruins of a fatally derailed train. I know we're talking Roberts and Nolte here—high-gloss casting—and really, what an audience is looking for in the thick of the plot involving murder, hush money, environmental hanky-panky, a Las Vegas wedding, and a dangerous elevator ride (apparently this summer's urban terror of choice) are those fabulous close-ups when Roberts' eyes shine and she shudders prettily and then she smiles and her whole head sort of glows with mesmerizing welcome. We're looking for the familiar sight of Nolte's craggy, tanned face, his shaggy blond hair, his appealing projection of gruffness and self-regard, sexuality and decay. And we get that in *Trouble*, yes. Nolte salts his Tough Journalist interpretation with enough small smiles to convey that he's got a heart, not just a blood pump. Roberts shudders and grins and beams her coffee-colored eyes, especially while tapping out stories and reading her computer screen.

But this unsnappy vehicle lets its two stars down, individually and as a team. *I Love Trouble* is not trouble-loving enough, and as a result, Roberts doesn't have enough to do to stay sharp, Nolte doesn't have enough to do to stay soft. The chemistry experiment doesn't take; the two could be acting on separate soundstages. The jokes are thin, the comedy is spotty, and the elements of suspense are scattered chaotically. (Even Saul Rubinek, in a small, pivotal role, is uncharacteristi-

cally subdued.) The pacing is set at such a lollygagging speed—the speed of an out-of-shape, middle-aged newspaper columnist—that even a girl cub reporter in high heels could get to the punchline without mussing her pumps. When it could have made news, *Trouble* rehashes an old story. **C** —Lisa Schwarzbaum

Marshal Artless

As 'Wyatt Earp,' Kevin Costner is barely O.K.

WISH I COULD say that Lawrence Kasdan's **WYATT EARP** (Warner Bros., PG-13) had an epic vision to match its 3-hour-and-10-minute running time. Alas, this strenuously dark biographical Western plays more like a choppy, self-important miniseries. Recasting the story of the legendary frontier lawman, Kasdan and his coscreenwriter, Dan Gordon, have replaced the straight-arrow, good-guy marshal familiar from a dozen Westerns with their own brooding archetype. Wyatt (Kevin Costner), raised by his father (Gene Hackman) to revere the bonds of family, starts out as a courtly, golden-hearted youth—the first time he witnesses bloodshed, he loses his lunch—but then, after marrying his sweetheart, he watches her die from typhoid and undergoes a drastic fall from grace. First he becomes a drunkard and a horse thief. Then he gives up the booze and crooked habits, only to discover that his faith has been burned away. In its place is a hard-

HOT OFF THE BACKLOTS: (Clockwise from top) Nolte and Roberts get their story in *I Love Trouble*; Boston is a blast in *Blown Away*, starring Jeff Bridges and Tommy Lee Jones; Costner is a straight shooter in *Wyatt Earp*



PETER SPURCH



JOEL WARREN

shelled existential coldness that renders him a spiritual cousin to Clint Eastwood's recovering outlaw in *Unforgiven*.

Made with the kind of ponderous reverence Hollywood generally reserves for the lives of sandal-wearing Indian political saints, *Wyatt Earp* tries to confront us with something weightier than the pleasures of old-fashioned heroism. Unfortunately, it ends up offering something sketchier: a psychodramatic hero without a center. Wyatt becomes a roving lawman, using his three brothers (Michael Madsen, David Andrews, and Linden Ashby) as deputies and moving them from town to town along with their wives. They're a grim, quarrelsome clan, bound by a loyalty—Wyatt's—that bor-

ders on obsession. In a sense, Wyatt's very strength of character as a marshal is the product of his semiblackened heart. His youthful fear replaced by anger, he now has the courage to face down any scoundrel with a gun. But if his actions are noble, his motives are far murkier. He's a licensed killer who isn't thinking about the license.

Viewing Wyatt through a mythopoetic filter, the movie never quite allows us to see him as a fleshed-out human being. In the meandering, rather superfluous first hour, the most significant section—Wyatt's marriage—is given such a perfunctory staging that the death of his wife scarcely seems enough to explain his cataclysmic personality change. And though

Costner, to a degree, succeeds in coasting on gruff virility, too often his depressive scowl appears a shade away from boredom. He's not a subtle enough actor to get by with three hours of moody stares.

Wyatt Earp does feature a small, moving performance by Mare Winningham as Wyatt's common-law wife, who seems to gain in soulfulness the more callously he treats her. And the film has a major saving grace in Dennis Quaid, who plays the tubercular, emaciated Doc Holliday as a manic goblin, a skull that can't stop talking. Doc, black eyes burning, practically has his deathbed strapped to his back, but thanks to Quaid's scrappy showbiz nihilism, he's more alive than anyone else in the movie. **C** —Owen Gleiberman

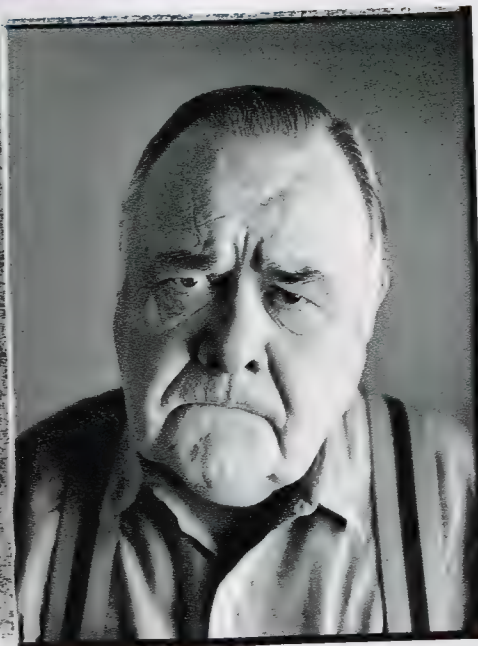
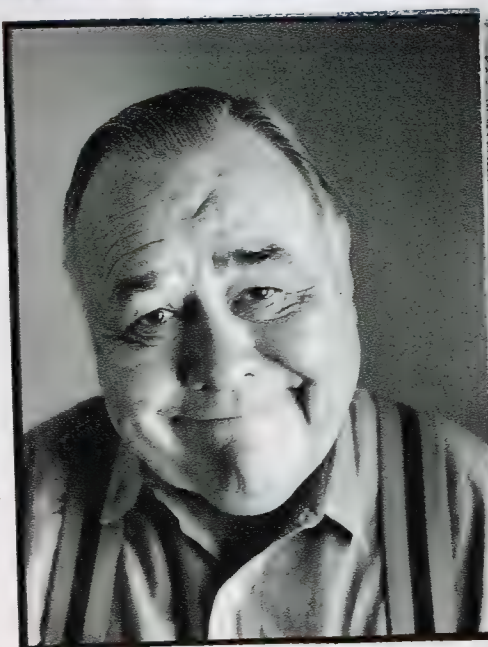
THE UNLIKELY STRAIGHT MAN OF 'THE SHADOW'

SILLY SCENES OF WINTERS

JONATHAN Winters takes a glass of water, and in his irrepressibly bent mind, it's immediately transformed into One Drink Too Many. "I can't stay very long—we want to get on the 101 [freeway]," he slurs, slipping into a pickled persona. "I hit a kid the other day. And *that* was the day I was sober. I was coming out of therapy for drunkenness down at the Betty Ford Center. Imagine, I knocked over a kid as I was pulling into the 76 station to fuel up."

Given the lightning speed with which the 68-year-old comedian can free-associate a whole gallery of such warped eccentrics, you'd hardly expect to find him boasting that in his two current film appearances he didn't ad-lib a single line. "I stuck to the script," he proudly says of his roles as one of Fred's laid-off coworkers in *The Flintstones* and as the epicurean police commissioner Wainwright Barth in *The Shadow*.

Winning an Emmy—his first—in 1991 for his role as a curmudgeonly granddad in the short-lived sitcom *Davis Rules* reignited his career. "It was a big break for me," he says. But sitting in his Toluca Lake, Calif., home, Winters



NO KIDDING: The comedian hopes his supporting role in *The Shadow* will get Hollywood to take him seriously

talks as if he's still trying to prove himself. "I know many people in the upper echelons say, 'Can we trust Winters in regard to his lines? Is he too wild a guy to handle a dramatic role?'" he admits. "I loved working with a top actor like Alec [Baldwin] on *The Shadow*. The discipline is incredible. You have to lock yourself in, look into his eyes, and get the lines out. I considered it basically tongue-in-cheek, but I played it serious instead of playing it broad and making him a fop."

It's almost as if he's invented another new character—Jonathan Winters, serious actor. —Gregg Kilday

PHOTOGRAPH BY SAM JONES/GAMMA-LIAISON

The Match Game

'Blown Away' aims to fuse politics with pyrotechnics

DON'T WASTE your time trying to take the muddled politics of **BLOWN AWAY** (MGM, R) seriously. The backstory of political terrorism that propels Irish prison escapee Ryan Gaerity (Tommy Lee Jones) to want to blow up Boston Bomb Squad big shot James Dove (Jeff Bridges) and all he holds dear in this wildly unfocused but giddily energetic action-thriller has nothing to do with the passions that ignite *In the Name of the Father* or, indeed, with any real grievances known to people who aren't movie characters. From what I can make of it, being Irish for Jones means talking in an unstable accent, drinking Guinness, wearing a leather cap, and listening to the music of U2 while building exquisitely complicated bombs that incorporate contact-lens cases, whirling children's toys, rolling marbles, and feathered arrows into their fanciful architecture.

Strip away the Irish troubles and the Boston color and what you've got from director Stephen Hopkins (*Predator 2*) is your basic pumped-up tick-tocker: Can Bridges defuse faster than Jones can destroy? Comparisons with *Speed* are inevitable. Both begin with a successful rescue; both, at times, involve a vehicle (driven by a woman) that can't slow down; both throw in plot decoys and fireballs, climaxes and codas. But while *Speed* is coolly devoid of any real emotional entanglements, *Blown Away* ladles on the sentiment. Dove has a pretty, ethereal-looking sweetheart (Suzy Amis), whom he marries to the accompaniment of festive Irish fiddling; he's got a sweet young stepdaughter (Stephi Lineburg); he's got a wise, plucky old uncle (Jeff's father, Lloyd Bridges). He's even got a true-blue buddy (Forest Whitaker) who comes through in the nick of time. Bomb-squad people who need people, we learn, are the luckiest people in the world.

All this baggage is clumsy, and *Blown Away* is often a mess of conflicting tones and rhythms. A fatal explosion early on is paced as if it were apocalyptic; a mid-plot



MR. HIDE: As *Shadow* alter ego Lamont Cranston, Baldwin retreats to his inner sanctum

scene in which Dove's wife and stepdaughter are potentially in peril in their house is filmed playfully, with a wink to the visual elements of suspense. The actors, meanwhile, go giddy with adrenaline: Jones frolics in a private carnival of motivations; Whitaker is determinedly indecipherable; Bridges *père* is having an old coot's hoot of a time; Amis chews her lip with outsize concern for her man. In the middle of the fray, only Jeff Bridges approaches normal-size expression, giving Dove an appealing heft and thoughtfulness in the few moments he is allowed to be still. And even he is given to howling with grief as flames roar around him and *Blown Away* counts down to its daft, flaming, soulful Irish conclusion. **C+** —LS

Radio Daze

Who knows what Baldwin is doing in 'The Shadow'?

IT'S DOUBTFUL many moviegoers under 50 will have much of an idea who the Shadow is. And after sitting through **THE SHADOW** (Universal, PG-13), they still won't: The movie has all the coherence of a bad acid flashback. In the insane prologue, we see Alec Baldwin as Ying Ko, infamous Chinese warlord,

who is taken captive and forced to do battle with a flying dagger, its tiny golden head laughing nastily at him. That dagger is a nifty special effect, but our main reaction to the sequence is to note that even under a terrible hippie wig Alec Baldwin doesn't look remotely Chinese.

Cut to New York City in the swank '20s. Baldwin is now Lamont Cranston, tuxedo-clad playboy, who slips in and out of his tormented alter ego, the Shadow. As the Shadow, Baldwin sports a fedora and black cape, a Silly Putty makeup job, and a bandanna that covers the lower half of his face; he looks like Margaret Hamilton playing Zorro. And what, exactly, does the Shadow do? Well, he laughs like Count Chocula and materializes out of the ether to "cloud men's minds" (whatever that means). *The Shadow* is a dismal, cheezoid mess, a movie that tries to turn the old radio serial into a cross between *Batman* and *Raiders of the Lost Ark* and, instead, vaporizes it into a glittery trash pile, an Art Deco *Super Mario Bros.*

Baldwin, a good actor who needs to start playing characters with an edge, looks puffy and smug in this cockeyed-hero role. Like Batman, the Shadow is meant to be a good guy with a touch of evil, but Baldwin just acts like James Bond's smart-ass brother. As the villain, a descendant of Genghis Khan's who

FROM 'THE SOUND OF MUSIC' TO 'WOLF'

PLUMMER ON CALL

CHRISTOPHER PLUMMER IS taken aback. The 64-year-old Canadian-born actor, who plays corporate raider Raymond Alden to patrician perfection in *Wolf*, has just learned that the scene in which he engages in hand-to-hand combat with his daughter (Michelle Pfeiffer) does not appear in the movie. "They didn't keep that in?" he asks coolly. Then, flashing an ironic smile, he adds, "You see, that's the reason one sometimes doesn't give a damn about movies."

Nonetheless, Plummer is probably best known for a movie role—as the dashing Captain Von Trapp in 1965's *The Sound of Music*. No matter that he has had a distinguished stage career on Broadway and in London's West End, tackling classical heroes from Hamlet to Henry V; Plummer seems to revel in his role as



DOLLARS AND SCENT: Plummer finds movie work rewarding

Classically Trained Actor Grandly Making Ends Meet. "I've always tried to keep the same lifestyle wherever I've lived," says the resident of the tony suburb of Weston, Conn. "Far beyond my means."

Plummer took the small role in *Wolf* partly out of respect and affection for director Mike Nichols. Also, he says, "I hadn't done a film in a while and I needed to." With a self-deprecating laugh, he adds, "It isn't a brilliant role. It's not something where you say, 'My God! That part!' I can't even remember his name. What was it? Raymond Alden. Thank you. Raymond Alden is not the highlight of my career."

Nor was playing Pfeiffer's father a pleasant notion—particularly for a man who clearly savors the impact of his European-flavored elegance and charm. "You feel like a potential lover, actually," says Plummer. "Certainly an actor never thinks of himself as being a father at all. We all think of ourselves as able to portray glamour at any given time no matter how old we get. I used to joke with Michelle a little bit about how much too old I thought she was to be my daughter."

Plummer seems remarkably unapologetic about taking on some less-than-remarkable movie roles (anyone remember *Firehead* and *Starcrash*?). And while *Wolf* may not have turned out to be the best showcase for his talents, he is well aware that turning up in a No. 1 movie is never a mistake. As for the scene that got snipped? He playfully leans forward and narrows his piercing blue eyes. "Maybe," Plummer whispers, "we were too good in it." —Meredith Berkman

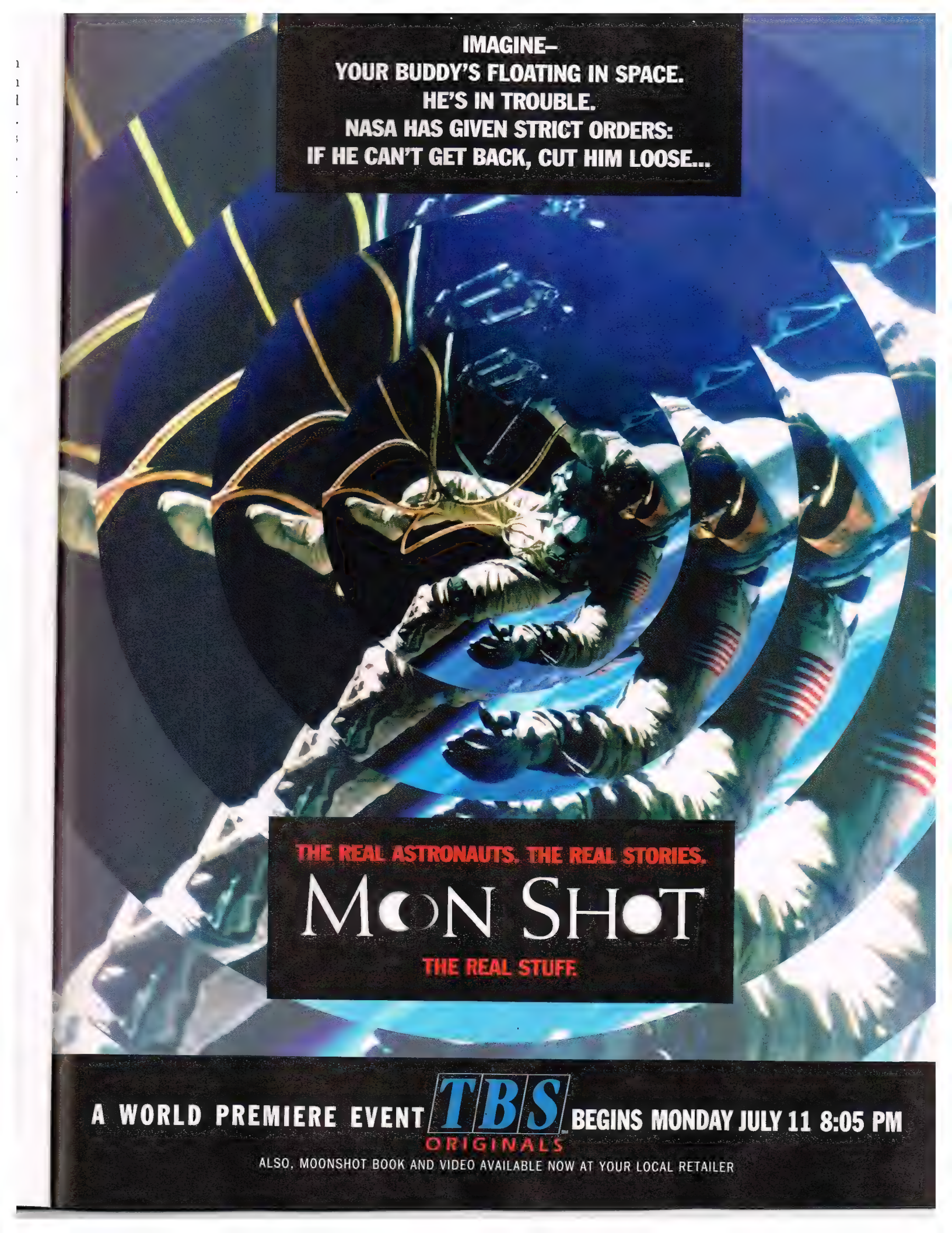
threatens to blow up Manhattan with the newly invented atom bomb, John Lone looks miserable; he's too restrained an actor to ham up this evil-Asian relic. The trouble with setting a special-effects fantasy in the low-tech '20s is that unless the American-kitsch elements are injected with something approaching Steven Spielberg's speedy bravado, we become all too aware that the actors are simply standing around B-movie sets spouting cardboard dialogue. *The Shadow*, like 1991's *The Rocketeer*, tries to pass off its retro thinness as a quasi joke, but it's a desperate strategy. The filmmakers seem to be kidding everyone—the audience and themselves—and that just leaves us waiting for this particular flashback to fizzle away. **D** —OG

Fodder and Son

'Getting Even With Dad' is Mac and Ted's misadventure

IT PROBABLY SOUNDED terrific in the pitch meeting: Ted Danson as an ex-con in San Francisco who can't resist one more big-time heist, Macaulay Culkin as his winsome 11-year-old son, who blackmails Pop into going straight. Too terrific to be true, it turns out. In attempting to play to their strengths in **GETTING EVEN WITH DAD** (MGM, PG)—a movie not funny enough for a comedy, not touching enough for a heart-warmer, and not energetic enough for a story about a robbery of rare coins—Danson and Culkin end up exposing all their weaknesses. You may want to shield your eyes.

Once again Danson plays a kind of willful, Sam Malone-ish dolt with a *look-I-gotta-tellya* accent—as if the actor had decided once and for all that he could not trust his long-jawed handsomeness to believably convey intelligence and depth of emotion. And once again Culkin plays a kind of preternaturally red-lipped imp with a practiced *look-I'm-so-cute* twinkle in his eye—as if director Howard Deutch realized once and for all that, for the time being at least, Culkin has pretty much exhausted his dramatic repertoire and that whatever is left of his childhood charm is lodged in his lipstick. **D** —LS

A composite image of two astronauts floating in space, viewed through a circular lens. The astronauts are wearing white space suits with American flags on the arms. They are surrounded by various equipment and cables. The background is a deep blue space with some light reflecting off the suits and equipment.

**IMAGINE—
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THE WEEK

Reviews by OWEN GLEIBERMAN and LISA SCHWARZBAUM

IN THEATERS

BEVERLY HILLS COP III (R) Director John Landis prefers bullet-spattered mayhem to comedy. His cloddishness works in tandem with Eddie Murphy, who has stopped taking pleasure in his own talent. **D+** (#225, June 3) —OG

CITY SLICKERS II: THE LEGEND OF CURLY'S GOLD (PG-13) Discovering a treasure map in the lining of Curly's hat, Mitch Robbins (Billy Crystal) embarks on yet another happy-trails adventure, accompanied by the high-strung nerd Phil (Daniel Stern) and by Mitch's whiny, layabout brother (Jon Lovitz). But since Mitch is a tall-in-the-saddle hero right from the start, he has no real journey to make. *City Slickers II* is pleasant but vacuous—*The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* replayed as a lightweight yuppie caper. **C+** (#226, June 10) —OG

THE COWBOY WAY (PG-13) This buddy thriller in Stetsons jams half a dozen formulas into the com-



HEAVEN AND HOWL: Nicholson and Pfeiffer let their hair down in *Wolf*

pactor—it's *48 HRS.* meets "*Cocodile*" *Dundee* meets *Midnight Cowboy* meets the credit sequence of TV's *McCloud*. Woody Harrelson and Kiefer Sutherland are New Mexico roping champions who drive to Manhattan to find their old pal. **C** (#226, June 10) —OG

THE FLINTSTONES (PG) Filmed on amazingly elaborate sets that still look a little too much like Styrofoam, this live-action version of the animated sitcom is as much a theme park as a movie—but it tickles your memories of the show's weirdly

earthbound charm. As Fred Flintstone, John Goodman centers the movie with his majestic good nature. **B** (#224, May 27) —OG

GO FISH (Unrated) The production is low-budget and amateurish, but don't let that stop you: This jaunty little black-and-white film about the everydayness of lesbian life is often pointedly funny and occasionally sharply eloquent. Rose Troche is the novice director; her then girlfriend, Guinevere Turner, coproduced, cowrote, and costars as Max, looking for love and set

COMING UP

Opening in theaters in late July and early August:

7 / 29

◆ **THE MASK** Jim Carrey, Richard Jeni Comedy about a nerd (Carrey) who undergoes transformations when he wears an ancient faceplate.

◆ **IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU** Nicolas Cage, Bridget Fonda, Rosie Perez In lieu of a tip, a cop splits a lottery ticket with a down-on-her-luck waitress.

◆ **BLACK BEAUTY** Sean Bean, David Thewlis Family drama based on Anna Sewall's 1877 novel tracing one horse's odyssey through various owners and events.

◆ **BARCELONA** Taylor Nichols, Christopher Eigeman Two American cousins fight love troubles in Spain; directed by Whit Stillman (*Metropolitan*).

8 / 3

◆ **AIRHEADS** Brendan Fraser, Steve Buscemi, Adam Sandler A struggling heavy-metal band takes over a radio station, hoping to get its record played.

◆ **EAT DRINK MAN WOMAN** Lung Sihung, Sylvia Chang Comedy set in Taiwan about a great chef and his three rebellious daughters.

up on a date with shy, sad-faced Ely (V.S. Brodie). As *She's Gotta Have It* did for black culture in 1986, *Go Fish* opens the doors and invites the neighborhood in for some fun. **B** (#227, June 17) —LS

CRITICAL MASS

Here's how a sampling of critics and movie audiences from across the country grade 10 current releases.

	CINEMASCOPE Audiences across the U.S.	ROGER EBERT Starlet & Ebert	GENE SISKEL Salt & Burt	JAMI BERNARD Knight-Ridder/Synchro	CARRIE RICHEY Knight-Ridder/Synchro	MIKE CLARK USA Today	OWEN GLEIBERMAN & LISA SCHWARZBAUM Entertainment Weekly	AVG.
BEVERLY HILLS COP III (Paramount)	B	C-	D	C	C	B-	D+	C
THE FLINTSTONES (Universal)	B+	C+	C	B-	C-	D+	B	C+
GETTING EVEN WITH DAD (MGM)	B	D	D	D	C-	D-	D	D+
GO FISH (Samuel Goldwyn)	—	C	B-	B	B	—	B	B
THE LION KING (Walt Disney)	A+	A-	B+	A	A-	A-	A-	A
LITTLE BUDDHA (Miramax)	—	C	A-	—	B-	C	C+	B-
RENAISSANCE MAN (Touchstone)	A-	C-	B-	B-	B-	B-	C	B-
SPEED (20th Century Fox)	A	A-	A-	A-	B	B+	A	A-
WOLF (Columbia)	B	B	B+	B-	B	A	B-	B
WYATT EARP (Warner Bros.)	B+	C-	C+	C-	C+	B	C	C+

THE LION KING (G) The Disney animators return to the primal-pop emotionalism of *Bambi*. In essence, *The Lion King* is a leonine remake of that 1942 masterpiece. Simba, the cuddly lion prince, is taken under the wing of his father, the regally imposing Mufasa. Then Mufasa is killed, leaving Simba alone, a melancholy adolescent in search of his place in the natural kingdom. The movie's villain, as well as its droll clown, is Scar, Simba's murderous uncle. He's voiced by Jeremy Irons, who gives a genuine performance, filling this devious coward with elegantly witty self-loathing. The Elton John-Tim Rice musical numbers are tepid, but they're a minor flaw in this rapturous piece of storybook mythmaking. **A-** (#228/229, June 24/July 1) —OG

LITTLE BUDDHA (R) Casting Keanu Reeves as Siddhartha, the prince who abandons his kingdom and becomes the Buddha, was both the

smartest and the dumbest move Bernardo Bertolucci made in his ravishingly photographed New Age spectacular. With his bronze skin and Jesus-of-Revlon ringlets, Reeves has the kind of androgynous star beauty that makes the camera swoon. Unfortunately, the film forces us to linger on his limitations as a vessel of higher consciousness. **C+** (#227, June 17) —OG

MAVERICK (PG) The cast is adorable: Mel Gibson as the charming card-sharp Bret Maverick, Jodie Foster as a talented scam artiste, James Garner as Marshal Zane Cooper, and Graham Greene as a savvy war-painted Native American. But director Richard Donner's contem-

po, wisecracking remake of the late-'50s TV Western is something of a cheat, relying on heavy-handed parody to fill in the places where true deft wit is just plum missing. **B-** (#225, June 3) —LS

RENAISSANCE MAN (PG-13) Director Penny Marshall barks out orders to the audience like a drill sergeant —*Laugh! Reach for your hankies! At ease!*—in this polite *Welcome Back, Kotter*-type comedy set in Army boot camp. Danny DeVito plays an out-of-work screwup who gets a temp job teaching "comprehension" (and Shakespeare) to a class of underachieving recruits. But the big underachiever turns out to be DeVito, who's incapable of exhibiting believable warmth and complexity, or, indeed, of playing anyone who is not a cartoon. **C** (#226, June 10) —LS

SPEED (R) An exhilarating shot of adrenaline. In Los Angeles, a psycho (Dennis Hopper) attaches a bomb to the bottom of a public bus. If the bus dips below 50 miles an hour, the bomb will go off. Jack Traven (Keanu Reeves), an LAPD cop, maneuvers himself on board. He has to defuse the bomb, but his main priority is making sure the bus keeps moving. The premise has a built-in existential zing. With the prospect of death looming at every red light, the thrills don't need to be hyped, and director Jan De Bont mounts this collision-course fantasy with as much verisimilitude as possible. *Speed* is loaded with pressure-cooker laugh lines, but the slyest joke of the movie is the way the image of Jack the fearless, go-getter hero plays off Reeves' blank-generation stupor. **A** (#227, June 17) —OG

WOLF (R) For a while, it succeeds in entertaining us with the story of a wimp's revenge. When Will Randall (Jack Nicholson), a weary Manhattan book editor, is bitten by a wolf, he begins to feel strong, blustery, alive. To hell with self-doubt! To hell with getting stomped on by the boss! Wolfman...what a feeling! The early scenes are executed with satirical panache. Nicholson makes Will just enough of a weakling so that we'll root for him but not enough so that the actor's old knife-edged cynicism can't glint through. Yet when *Wolf* turns into a conventional horror thriller, it becomes stuffy and blah. The script seems to dry up as it goes along, leaving the film with no twists. At night, Will becomes a wolf and...kills people! Who are his enemies! Director Mike Nichols denies us the pleasure of special-effects transformation scenes and then fails to come up with anything in their place. **B-** (#228/229, June 24/July 1) —OG

CASTING OF THE WEEK

Whatchoo Talkin' 'bout, Yahweh?

"Featuring Gary Coleman...as a mysterious figure who appears out of the desert claiming to be God." —From a press release for *Party*, an upcoming independent comedy

STARLET OF THE WEEK

Career Capper

Now that *The Gong Show* is off the air, how does Tonya Harding make a comeback? Well, the fallen ice princess has signed on to play a waitress who steals money from the Mob in the low-budget action film *Breakaway*.



ILLUSTRATION BY S. B. WHITEHEAD

BOX OFFICE

THE LION SWEEPS TONIGHT

THE LION KING may have grabbed the lion's share of attention and grosses last weekend, but rather than chewing up the competition, it led the pack to a record nonholiday weekend. The \$98 million overall box office take was the second-biggest nonholiday gross in history—and was up an amazing 45 percent over the previous weekend. *The Flintstones* became the first summer picture to sail past the \$100 million mark; *Speed*—along with *The Lion King*—is expected to follow. The strong weekend only made *Wyatt Earp*'s dismal \$7.5 million opening look shabbier; although Kevin Costner's name was above the title, the three-hour-plus Western was battered by negative reviews.



CUB SCOUTS: King Simba with Pumbaa and little Timon

WEEKEND GROSS* TOP 20

GROSS WEEKS IN TO DATE RELEASE

1	\$40.9	THE LION KING Walt Disney, Animated.....	\$44.7	2
2	\$12.4	SPEED 20th Century Fox, Keanu Reeves.....	\$55.4	3
3	\$12.1	WOLF Columbia, Jack Nicholson.....	\$37.5	2
4	\$7.5	WYATT EARP Warner Bros., Kevin Costner.....	\$7.5	1
5	\$6.1	THE FLINTSTONES Universal, John Goodman.....	\$104.9	5
6	\$4.6	CITY SLICKERS II Columbia, Billy Crystal.....	\$30.4	3
7	\$3.6	MAVERICK Warner Bros., Mel Gibson.....	\$80.0	6
8	\$3.1	GETTING EVEN WITH DAD MGM, Ted Danson.....	\$11.3	2
9	\$1.9	RENAISSANCE MAN Touchstone, Danny DeVito.....	\$20.6	4
10	\$1.3	THE COWBOY WAY Universal, Woody Harrelson.....	\$15.6	4
11	\$1.1	WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN Touchstone, Meg Ryan.....	\$44.3	9
12	\$1.0	BEVERLY HILLS COP III Paramount, Eddie Murphy.....	\$39.4	5
13	\$0.9	THE CROW Miramax, Brandon Lee.....	\$46.4	7
14	\$0.8	FOUR WEDDINGS AND A FUNERAL Gramercy, Hugh Grant.....	\$47.6	16
15	\$0.5	SCHINDLER'S LIST Universal, Liam Neeson.....	\$94.5	28
16	\$0.5	WIDOWS' PEAK Fine Line, Mia Farrow.....	\$3.5	7
17	\$0.2	LITTLE BUDDHA Miramax, Keanu Reeves.....	\$3.2	5
18	\$0.2	3 NINJAS KICK BACK TriStar, Swan Fox.....	\$11.1	8
19	\$0.2	BLANK CHECK Buena Vista, Brian Bonsall.....	\$29.7	20
20	\$0.2	CROOKLYN Universal, Alfre Woodard.....	\$12.8	7

WEEKEND PER-SCREEN AVERAGE*

TOP 10 / PER SCREEN

NO. OF SCREENS

1	\$16,022	THE LION KING Walt Disney.....	2,552
2	\$5,909	SPEED 20th Century Fox.....	2,103
3	\$5,718	WOLF Columbia.....	2,117
4	\$4,058	WYATT EARP Warner Bros.....	1,859
5	\$2,580	THE FLINTSTONES Universal.....	2,368
6	\$2,532	LITTLE BUDDHA Miramax.....	96
7	\$2,434	WIDOWS' PEAK Fine Line.....	187
8	\$2,057	CITY SLICKERS II Columbia.....	2,243
9	\$1,768	MAVERICK Warner Bros.....	2,056
10	\$1,765	FOUR WEDDINGS AND A FUNERAL Gramercy.....	480

SOURCE: EXHIBITOR RELATIONS CO. INC.
AUDIENCE POLLING INFORMATION PROVIDED BY CINEMASCOPE
*WEEKEND OF JUNE 24-26 (ALL DOLLAR FIGURES IN MILLIONS)

KING AND QUEEN OF PANE:
Couric and Gumbel play host
to sidewalk gawkers



Pleasant Under Glass

'Today' hypes its "window on the world" as a newsworthy departure, but the show remains just as transparently superficial as its early-morning competitors. **BY KEN TUCKER**

THERE ARE two layers of bulletproof glass separating Katie Couric and Bryant Gumbel from the crowds that gather outside the new, \$15 million TV studio for the **TODAY** show (NBC, weekdays, 7-9 a.m.), but I still think the coanchors deserve an award for bravery. After all, they have to keep their backs to the people out on the street, a mixture of tourists, media junkies, and loonies who press their faces to the windows and

wave wildly any time they see the red light of a camera pointed in their direction. Were I a *Today* show host, I'd want to be able to keep an eye on this seething *Day of the Locust* swarm at all times.

As I write, nothing scary has happened—other than an accident involving a lighting technician—since June 20, when the *Today* show opened its self-described “window on the world” to the hordes gathered at 49th Street and Rockefeller Plaza in Manhattan. Well, it was a bit frightening to see people sucking up for camera time by bran-

dishing pro-NBC signs like the one that read “Nice Broadcasting Company.” I sort of liked the animal rights sympathizer who held up a cranky “No Lobster Today” sign—a reference to a recent *Today* cooking segment in which a luckless live crustacean was literally torn limb from limb.

As a publicity stunt, the *Today* show move is a success—anything that induces me to watch two full hours of these morning news-and-entertainment shows is doing something right. Yet I realize that this isn't the way most people

consume the *Today* show and its competitors, ratings-leader since 1990 **GOOD MORNING AMERICA** (ABC, weekdays, 7-9 a.m.) and bottom-dweller **CBS THIS MORNING** (CBS, weekdays, 7-9 a.m.).

Most ordinary viewers probably catch these shows in the chunks they're broken into, glomming a little news, a little weather, and a little chatter while tying their shoes and burning the toast.

But so far, the change of venue has made *Today's* already lightweight interview segments that much easier to ignore, with the distraction of people making goo-goo eyes behind Gumbel or Couric as one of them tries to conduct a conversation with a guest. Perhaps executive producer Steve Friedman thought this was the only way to get some animated movement in the frame when there's a close-up on Gumbel—what does it take to get this guy to register an emotion these days?

Don't get me wrong: Gumbel is my favorite morning-show host precisely because he resists so much of the banal, grinning banter that makes these programs so excruciating to watch for more than 10 minutes. Still, not having watched Gumbel in a while, I was amazed at how minimalist his approach has become; if he can ask a question without moving a muscle, including the ones in his mouth, he'll do it.

He is thus the perfect contrast to the woman David Letterman recently introduced as "news spitfire Katie Couric." Couric is just as bright-eyed and eager-beaver as ever. But maybe because, as she told Letterman, she's sick of being called "perky," Couric has reined in her giggles and become a refreshingly straightforward broadcaster. One who, however, like all her morning colleagues, could use some reportorial aggressiveness. On the same morning, for example, that *The New York Times* ran a front-page piece saying that fashion designer Donna Karan's empire was experiencing financial shakiness, Couric had an on-screen chat with Karan that barely alluded to this situation.

That's the problem with this whole genre, of course. None of the morning hosts—with the occasional exception of Gumbel—can afford to be a probing, adversarial journalist during the news segments, because they have to preserve

MATT LAUER OF THE 'TODAY' SHOW

HUNKA HUNKA MORNIN' LOVE

IN WHICH WE LOB probing questions at Matt Lauer, 36, the engaging, eye-catching news anchor since January of NBC News' *Today* show who is known for his quick-witted ad-libs with Katie Couric and Bryant Gumbel—as well as his inclusion in PEOPLE's 1994 list of the 50 Most Beautiful People in the World.

If you want to grow a beard, do you need permission from *Today*? I should probably tell them. I've sometimes had what I call the criminal look—a little bit more than not shaving, but not quite a beard. I kind of like it.

What's the worst flub you ever made? About five months ago, Washington, D.C., had had a major snowstorm and I wanted to say, "Joe, here in New York we say the city shuts down when we get two inches of snow." Instead I said, "the shity shutsh down."

Do you get erotic mail? If you look at a pie graph, erotic might be 5 percent. Maybe 30 percent start out—and I love this—"I have never done this before, but...."

What did you want to be when you were 13? A pitcher for the Yankees. My idols were Muhammad Ali and Jack Nicklaus.

What was your best nonbroadcasting job? I worked in a men's clothing store during summers in high school. I loved when women walked in the door and said, "I need something for my husband."

What's your idea of perfect time off? When I'm alone here [girlfriend Kristen Gesswein, 25, is a TV reporter in Waterloo, Iowa], I spend a lot of time playing golf. I like to wear the same thing two days in a row. I like to be alone, ride the tractor at my house in the country, cut the grass.

Do you watch TV? Not much. I don't even own a VCR. But the one show that can keep me up past my bedtime is *Seinfeld*. I'm a *Seinfeld* nut.

Is anything in *Broadcast News* true? We wear earpieces, but the producers don't talk in our ears all the time. If they did, we'd pull the thing right out. If you say to me, "My first job was great—of course, it was a weird time for me because I had just killed my grandmother," and I respond, "Well, what was that first job?" that's a problem. If they're talking in my ear, that could happen. —Lisa Schwarzbaum



LAUER POWER: 'It will be nice when the hype about my looks dies down a bit,' says *Today's* latest addition

their warm 'n' fuzzy images for the softball entertainment segments. This built-in constraint has steadily eroded the personalities of Harry Smith and Paula Zahn on *CBS This Morning*, and it has slowly but steadily transformed GMA's Joan Lunden into an intelligent woman stifled by the triteness on her TelePrompTer. As for her partner, Charlie Gibson, well, the closest he's come to feistiness recently was when he became gratuitously cranky with Lunden about Take Our Daughters to Work Day. I gather old Charlie saw the whole thing as some kinda pernicious feminist plot to bring capitalism to a halt.

So far, the high point of *Today's* new-studio era was an ad-lib provided by movie critic Gene Shalit, who happened to be present when former New York City mayor Ed Koch popped in to give the hosts bagels, plug a forthcoming book, and generally make a pushy boor of himself. "My office is just a block away!" exclaimed Koch. "Go to it!" Shalit said. A little more bluntness like that, and I might be able to put up with all those gawkers on the street in search of airtime. *Today*: **B** *Good Morning America*: **B-** *CBS This Morning*: **C**

Hodge Podge

The 'Nurses' vet can't save the sickly 'Muddling Through'

IT'S NOT DIFFICULT to see why **MUDDLING THROUGH** (CBS, July 9, 9-9:30 p.m.) didn't find a spot on CBS' schedule for the next fall season. This sitcom starring *Nurses'* Stephanie Hodge is set in Drego's Oasis, a dingy little coffee shop owned by Hodge's Connie Drego. In the premiere, Connie is just out of prison for shooting her no-good, two-timin' husband, Sonny (D. David Morin), whom she describes as "dirt with a driver's license." Connie's daughter Madeline (Jennifer Anniston) is running the café, while younger daughter Kerri (Aimee Brooks) is busy learning how to be as trappy as possible. This is the kind of sitcom that thinks you'll laugh if it calls a policeman Trooper Cooper (Scott Waara) and tosses in a nightstick-as-penis joke for good measure. In this context, Hodge's crack comic timing and shaded line readings seem touching, and well beyond the call of duty. **D**



SHOOTING THE BREEZE: *Muddling's* Hodge chats up Morin (left), the hubby she plugged

Uncivil Wrongs

HBO doesn't do justice to the memory of Medgar Evers

THE SORRY TALE of the 1963 killing of civil rights activist Medgar Evers receives a problematic retelling in **SOUTHERN JUSTICE: THE MURDER OF MEDGAR EVERS** (HBO, July 11, 10-11 p.m.). This special, part of HBO's generally excellent *America Undercover* series, lays out all the facts of Evers' life, culminating in the assassination of the Mississippi NAACP leader in front of his own home in Jackson. There's eloquent commentary from Evers' wife. But because *Southern Justice* has better interview footage with Evers' convicted killer, white supremacist Byron de la Beckwith, than it does with Evers, the hour inadvertently becomes a portrait of a creepy racist, ever willing, with cameras rolling, to say moronic, inflammatory things like "God put us here to rule over the dusky races."

There are also a few troubling scenes labeled "reenactment" that dramatize violence against African-Americans in an overwrought, undignified way, reminding us once again why such an entertainment-inspired technique has no place in a serious documentary. **C**

CHECK IT OUT

GUNNING FOR ATTENTION

EVEN IF TV'S PREACHY public-service announcements turn you off, it's likely the remarkable antigun spots grouped under the title "Peace: Live It or Rest in It" will grab your attention. Now airing on MTV, HBO, Black Entertainment



POINT-BLANK: Cable networks take aim at violence in a PSA with rapper Sticky Fingaz

Television, E!, and The Box, these brief vignettes dramatize the dangers of young people using guns. In one, directed by Albert and Allen Hughes (*Menace II Society*), a boy playing with a handgun accidentally fires it. The camera follows the bullet as it rips through glass, walls, and a television. The frame freezes just before it arrives at its last stop: a baby in a high chair. The rap group Onyx and performance artist John Leguizamo are among those appearing in these grim-yet-sur-

prising, beautifully shot mini-movies. Coproduced by HBO and the Warner Music Group, the eight "Peace" spots are blunt and occasionally profane, effective because they succeed first as art and second as propaganda. —KT

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THE WEEK

A guide to notable programs by **BRUCE FRETTS**. (Times are Eastern daylight and are subject to change.)

NEW SERIES

IN AN ATTEMPT to create another *Mystery Science Theater 3000*, Comedy Central is launching a flurry of shows this summer, starting with **LIMBOLAND** (Comedy Central, July 4, 9:30-10 p.m.), originally titled *The White Cyc Show* because its short sketches are shot in front of a white cyclorama (a curved curtain). The visuals may be futuristic, but many of the gags are ancient (the digitally animated skeleton of a borscht belt comic jokes, "The producers of *Limboland* dug my act. I mean, they literally dug my act"). Another new series, **JOCKS** (Comedy Central, July 8, 9:30-10 p.m.), also had a name change. This humorous sports mag, hosted by John

Caponera (late of *The Good Life*), was to be called *Balls*. And those cable-channel wags couldn't resist headlining their press release, "Comedy Central Scratches Balls."

RETURNS

WE CAN FINALLY stop complaining that all of the Big Four's good shows are in reruns this sum-

mer. After a six-month absence, the idiosyncratic cop comedy **BAKERSFIELD, P.D.** (Fox, July 7, 9:30-10 p.m.) reappears with four new installments. Fox hasn't axed the low-rated *Bakersfield* yet, but this may be its last gasp, so act fast. In the first new episode, written by Dennis Klein and directed by Ken Kwapis (both *Larry Sanders* vets), a severed arm is discovered in Bakersfield, and the opera comes to town. Trust me—it's funnier than it sounds. For a real-life look at the music favored in this rural California locale, check out the documentary *Bakersfield Country!*, with hometown boys Buck Owens and Merle Haggard, airing July 4 on most PBS stations.

Challenger disaster, the Hubble Telescope flaws, and other stellar screwups.

COMEDY

THE OPENING scene of the new Brandon Tartikoff-produced sitcom **THE STEVEN BANKS SHOW** (PBS, July 11, check local listings) couldn't be more *Seinfeldian*. Single, thin, and not-so-neat Banks and his balding friend sit on the couch and ponder which one of the Monkees they'd kiss if they had to. *Seinfeld* fans will also get a strong sense of déjà vu from **ALIVE TV: DOWN ON THE WATERFRONT** (PBS, July 8, check local listings), a short film starring Jason Alexander as a George Costanza-ish nebbish mixed up with a crooked union leader (Ed Asner). There's nothing overtly Jerrylike about **GLIVE JAMES** (PBS, July 11, check local listings), the Brit-wit whose new talk show mixes verbose political commentary with semicheeky celebrity interviews. But any show with Englebert Humperdinck as its first guest is truly about nothing.

SPACE

TIME TO SHAKE off your hangover from that big D-Day party and get set for the next major historical anniversary. Twenty-five years ago, Neil Armstrong took his "one giant leap for mankind," and TBS blasts off the celebration with **MOON SHOT** (TBS, July 11 and 13, 8:05-10:05 p.m.), a documentary based on a book of the same name by Mercury fly-boys Alan Shepard and Deke Slayton and hosted by *Northern Exposure* 'naut Barry Corbin. The Disney Channel profiles Robert Goddard, the rocket scientist who helped make the mission possible, in **A MOON MAN FROM MASSACHUSETTS** (Disney, July 12, 9-10 p.m.), narrated by Ed Harris, who played John Glenn in *The Right Stuff*. A&E's *Investigative Reports* series brings the story up to date by asking the question **CAN WE STILL TRUST NASA?** (A&E, July 15, 9-10 p.m.) in the wake of the

MOVIES

DECADES BEFORE Robin Williams or Dustin Hoffman ever wore a dress, Jack Lemmon and Tony Curtis did it in **SOME LIKE IT HOT** (TNT, July 7, 9-11 p.m.), hiding from the Mafia by joining an all-girl band with ukulele player Marilyn Monroe. To introduce Billy Wilder's 1959 farce and kick off the summer season of TNT's *Our Favorite Movies*, SNL alum Phil Hartman transforms himself into the maracas-shaking "Phyllis." Up-



SHOWTIME AT THE APOLLO:
Moonwalker Buzz Aldrin
gets tossed in space in 1969

THE SOAP BOX BY ALAN CARTER

VIRGIN TERRITORY

STEVE BURTON, 23, who plays moneyed teen heir Jason Quartermaine on ABC's *General Hospital*, has received the ultimate vanity trophy: He's the cover guy of *Perfect*

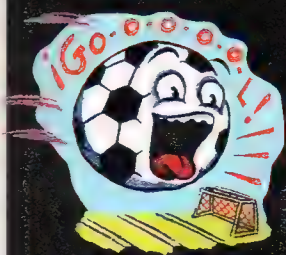


PEGS APPEAL: GH's Burton

Face, a new coffee-table book featuring male models and actors. Does he think his face is flawless? "Oh, jeez, far from it," says the Indianapolis-born Burton, who sometimes gets up at 4 a.m. to pursue his true passion, surfing. "For starters, I'd change my nose. And I hate my smile." For some odd reason—the smile? the nose?—Burton's wealthy, healthy character has had nary a romantic encounter in his two years on the show. "I'm like the last millionaire virgin on daytime!" says Burton. "Actually, I'm the *only* one. I must be doing something wrong. I hear I'm going to lose it this summer. I can't wait."

WINNER
OF THE WEEK

Univision



You don't have to speak Spanish to get a kick out of the network's ebullient World Cup announcer Andres Cantor ("Go-o-o-o-l!").

LOSER
OF THE WEEK

Erik Estrada

The underemployed ex-CHiPs star is taking a crash course in Spanish for his role on the Univision soap opera *Dos Mujeres, Un Camino*. *Cómo se dice* "desperate"?

coming OFM hosts who won't appear in drag: Kevin Bacon, who discusses his 1982 film, *Diner* (July 14); Tim Burton, who honors his idol, Vincent Price, star of 1953's *House of Wax* (July 28); and *NYPD Blue*'s Dennis Franz, who

offers his thoughts on the 1972 Mob thriller, *The Valachi Papers* (Aug. 3). We can't predict what Little Richard, host of *The Buddy Holly Story* on July 21, will wear.

CELEB SPECIALS

THE UBIQUITOUS Barbara Walters emcees the third annual infotainment program **IN A NEW LIGHT '94** (ABC, July 9, 8-10 p.m.), a mélange of factoids about AIDS, profiles of people fighting the disease, sound bites from Bill Clinton, Luke Perry, Whoopi Goldberg, and Dr. Ruth, and musical guests running the gamut from Clint Black to Liza Minnelli. Lou Reed provides the evening's highlights, speaking frankly about his sex-drugs-and-rock-&-roll past ("I'm not here because I'm smart. I'm here because I'm lucky") and harmonizing with Little Jimmy Scott on a haunting version of "Halloween Parade," Reed's 1989 tribute to the annual Greenwich Village dragfest.

CHOICE RERUNS

EVERYONE MADE fun of Steven Bochco's 1990 flop, **COP ROCK** (A&E, July 5-8 and 10, 4-6 a.m.), yet how many people actually watched it? Now A&E gives us a chance to examine this bizarre experiment—albeit at 4 a.m., when it may make more sense. The tunes are still ludicrous ("He calls you son/he's not your dad," a street punk raps, "he's just a dumb white cop/and you made him mad"), but the non-musical parts of the show look like an *NYPD* blueprint, from the shaky camera work to the casting of James "Lieutenant Fancy" McDaniel. If it had been naked cops singing dirty lyrics, the show might have lasted.

SOUND BITES

"MAN, I'M GOING to get my own peanut butter and everybody can just kiss my butt." —Puck, solving a household dispute on MTV's third *Real World*

"DAVID CARUSO, he's got an okay butt... Franz... I love him, but he hasn't got the greatest backside... I've got a decent butt, but they haven't explored it." —Nicholas Turturro on *NYPD Blue*'s nudity, to David Letterman

"HENRY KISSINGER came to the set of *The Partridge Family*. He was crushed when he found out I was the only one who could play. He said, 'You mean Tracy, she no play?'" —David Cassidy to Conan O'Brien

"BARBARA, quiet for a second, sorry, my apologies, but he's coming out, I believe." —Peter Jennings shushing Walters, on 20/20's coverage of the O.J. Simpson standoff

THE RATINGS

COURT TV

HAKEEM Olajuwon's Houston Rockets leaped to the top of the NBA—and of the Nielsens—with their seventh-game victory over Patrick Ewing's New York Knicks (see first chart). The previously ho-hum finals had fallen as low as 42nd on the night of the O.J. Simpson chase. Simpson stories lifted newsmags like *Turning Point* (3rd), *PrimeTime Live* (10th), *Dateline NBC* (12th), and *Eye to Eye With Connie Chung* (18th). ABC's *Good Morning America*



ROCKET MAN: NBA MVP Olajuwon outmuscles Ewing

at *Night* hit 36th on June 19, thanks to an interview with two of Nicole Brown Simpson's sisters, but two nights later, NBC's O.J.-free *Today at Night*, shiny new window and all, didn't shatter any ratings records in 78th.

VIEWERS* TOP 15, JUNE 20-26

LAST
WEEK

1	26.1	BASKETBALL: KNICKS VS. ROCKETS NBC, Wednesday, 9 p.m.	—
2	25.6	HOME IMPROVEMENT (R) ABC, Wednesday, 9 p.m.	1
3	25.4	TURNING POINT ABC, Tuesday, 10 p.m.	—
4	25.0	GRACE UNDER FIRE (R) ABC, Wednesday, 9:30 p.m.	2
5	22.8	20/20 ABC, Friday, 10 p.m.	25
6	21.9	SEINFELD (R) NBC, Thursday, 9 p.m.	3
7	21.3	FRASIER (R) NBC, Thursday, 9:30 p.m.	4
8	20.2	ROSEANNE (R) ABC, Tuesday, 9 p.m.	7
9	20.1	COACH (R) ABC, Tuesday, 9:30 p.m.	9
10	19.4	PRIMETIME LIVE ABC, Thursday, 10 p.m.	13
11	19.2	60 MINUTES CBS, Sunday, 7 p.m.	6
12	17.7	DATeline NBC NBC, Thursday, 10 p.m.	8
13	17.6	HANGIN' WITH MR. COOPER (R) ABC, Friday, 9:30 p.m.	—
14	16.5	STEP BY STEP (R) ABC, Friday, 9 p.m.	25
15	16.3	MURDER, SHE WROTE (R) CBS, Sunday, 8 p.m.	22

VIEWERS* TOP 15, JUNE 13-19

LAST
WEEK

1	27.0	HOME IMPROVEMENT (R) ABC, Wednesday, 9 p.m.	1
2	25.4	GRACE UNDER FIRE (R) ABC, Wednesday, 9:30 p.m.	2
3	21.8	SEINFELD (R) NBC, Thursday, 9 p.m.	3
4	21.4	FRASIER (R) NBC, Thursday, 9:30 p.m.	4
5	19.4	HOME IMPROVEMENT (R) ABC, Wednesday, 8 p.m.	—
6	18.9	60 MINUTES CBS, Sunday, 7 p.m.	7
7	18.8	ROSEANNE (R) ABC, Tuesday, 9 p.m.	5
8	18.5	DATeline NBC NBC, Thursday, 10 p.m.	22
9	18.2	COACH (R) ABC, Tuesday, 9:30 p.m.	9
10	17.8	BASKETBALL: KNICKS VS. ROCKETS NBC, Wednesday, 9 p.m.	—
11	17.7	THE LION KING: A MUSICAL JOURNEY WITH ELTON JOHN ABC, Wednesday, 8:30 p.m.	—
12	17.0	BASKETBALL: KNICKS VS. ROCKETS NBC, Sunday, 7 p.m.	—
13	16.9	PRIMETIME LIVE ABC, Thursday, 10 p.m.	29
14	16.7	MOVIE: DAD ABC, Sunday, 9 p.m.	—
15	16.2	MURPHY BROWN (R) CBS, Monday, 9 p.m.	10

*IN MILLIONS (R) RERUN
SOURCE: NIELSEN MEDIA RESEARCH

Virtuous Reality

The current crop of self-help books may feed the hungry soul, awaken the sluggish spirit, and inspire you to acts of greatness—if only temporarily. **BY LISA SCHWARZBAUM**

THE '70S MANUALS about how to have more sexually thrilling marriages were burnt years ago as fire-place kindling. The '80s manuals about how to become ninja business warriors are yellowing on the shelf. You're feeling bruised and compassless in the '90s, and you're looking for self-help advice that will fit into your leather backpack.

You and everyone else. Best-seller lists are plump with inspirational titles about how to be better human beings—not richer, not more alluring, just better. And the great genius of the genre is that you can read one, underline passages you're sure will change your life, write "How true!" in the margins, put the thing down (nearly finished) on the stack where you keep your *Cosmo's Bedside Astrologer*, and promptly forget everything you've just taken to heart.

Fattest of these babies is **THE BOOK OF VIRTUES** (Simon & Schuster, \$30), which is subtitled "A Treasury of Great Moral Stories," and which was compiled, with commentary, by William J. Bennett, Secretary of Education under Ronald Reagan. The book is organized by desirable character traits—responsibility, loyalty, perseverance, and so on—and within each category are assembled historic and traditional poems and short stories, fables and speeches, letters and doggerel. But what's more striking than *Virtues'* significance as a textbook of Trad Value Lit is its pursed and hectoring subtext, particularly in Bennett's schoolmarmish little introductions: "To feel another's anguish—this is the essence of compassion," he lectures before Hans Christian Andersen's "The Little Match Girl." Or, "Of all the vices, lust is the one many people seem to find



the most difficult to control," he reports before a retelling of the biblical story of David and Bathsheba. "Hey, Bennett, what about the deadly sins of pride and vanity!" I find myself writing in the margins. "Can't you leave me in peace to learn for myself?"

I go on about this sobersided publication because it is representative of a current strain of humorless conservatism in inspirational teaching. For relief, I turn to **SOUL MATES** (HarperCollins, \$25) and **CARE OF THE SOUL** (HarperPerennial, \$12), two forays by Thomas Moore into the spiritual side of human relations—an equally contemporary phenomenon that has nothing to do with mastering new sexual positions. Moore counsels as a therapist, although his training is in theology. And by thinking of the soul as an entity as familiar to a reader as the concept of codependency, his advice is as soft and Clintonesque as Bennett's is hard and Reaganite. "Friendship doesn't ask for a great deal of activity, but it does require loyalty and presence. After all, what the soul wants is attachment," he writes soothingly, like a politician feeling our pain.

THE ROAD LESS TRAVELED (Touchstone, \$12) has been on charts for years now—it was first published in 1978, when readers were still trying to be their Own Best Friends. But because psychiatrist M. Scott Peck's writing is so clear, and because he was ahead of his time in his integration of the spiritual self with the psychiatric self, his words are comforting without sounding dated or stale. Read it with Bernie S. Siegel's **LOVE, MEDICINE & MIRACLES** (HarperPerennial, \$13), a surgeon's take (first published in 1986) on the importance of love in the "miraculous" healing of sick patients; the two promise to take care of body and soul.

Add to this list the handful of new books by folks filling the shelves with reports on their near-death experiences, and you may find yourself writing, "How miraculous! Why doesn't this stuff happen to me!" in the margins. After which you may find yourself dozing—and awakening to forget everything you've read, except, perhaps, that *Cosmo* says Virgos are in for some turbulent times in July. *Book of Virtues*: **C-** *Care of the Soul*: **B** *Soul Mates*: **B-** *The Road Less Traveled*: **B+** *Love, Medicine & Miracles*: **B-**

The Economy Stupor

Woodward's 'Agenda' checks in on the Clinton camp

BOB WOODWARD'S eavesdropping style of reporting—lots of taut behind-the-scenes dialogue drawn from anonymous sources—works pretty well when his subject is full of cats clamoring to be let out of the bag, like Watergate (*All the President's Men*, *The Final Days*) or, more recently, the Gulf War (*The Commanders*). But what emerges from his seventh book, **THE AGENDA** (Simon & Schuster, \$24), is a platoon of Keystone Kops disguised as Clinton administration officials, exchanging custard pies and clinging to a careening economic program that collides with everything in sight, especially Congress.

Clinton and his staff were up against steep odds when they came to Washington determined to get a crowd-pleasing performance out of the economy. Since the economy has three basic phases—troubled, slow, and uncertain—it doesn't really lend itself to melodrama. It does lend itself to inaccurate forecasts, inscrutable statistics, and dull arguments, all generously supplied in this book.

And since Clinton's advisers were divided into three or four feuding factions, plus Hillary, and Clinton's mind was similarly divided, plus Hillary, the program was incoherent even before it got dented while squeaking through the House and Senate. Who remembers much about it now, after Bosnia, Whitewater, and North Korea? With those more momentous questions to delve into, who needs a numbingly detailed book about it?

Of course, *The Agenda* can also be read as a study of public officials in private disarray—egos unleashed, tactical maneuvers, tantrums, swift kicks delivered and received. In other words, it can be read as a sample of Washington dinner-party chatter. It still doesn't add up to much, though President Clinton himself—engagingly speculative and enigmatically irresolute—is complex and puzzling, as every Hamlet should be. His supporting cast of advisers is mostly annoying. The book consists of anticlimaxes leading inexorably to new anticlimaxes. The pattern, which is established as bold populist rhetoric, gives way to obsessive worrying about the delicate nerves of Wall Street bond traders. "We're Eisenhower Republicans here...fighting the Reagan Republicans. We stand for lower deficits and free trade and the bond market," Clinton remarks at one point—"his voice



WHISPER CAMPAIGN: The President and the First Lady play it by ear

dripping with sarcasm," as Woodward, his prose dripping with clichés, puts it. There's a moral here somewhere, but it's not in the book, which doesn't occupy the middle ground between journalism and history that Woodward stakes out in his introduction. The writing of history requires some reflection, not just reconstructed conversations and harangues, and it also requires picking the right horse. This one was lame. **D** —L.S. Klepp

THE WEEK

NONFICTION

MY SISTER MARILYN: A MEMOIR OF MARILYN MONROE Berniece Baker Miracle and Mona Rae Miracle (*Algonquin Books, \$19.95*) Marilyn Monroe looked lovely in her casket only because half sister Berniece worried about Marilyn's recent and unattractive weight loss, scavenged "safety pins, a sheet, and several garments of various sizes and thicknesses—to be used in making the dress conform to Marilyn's normal body shape." The writer, Berniece's daughter Mona Rae, mingles her own and Berniece's memories of their famous relative: how Marilyn gave Berniece makeup lessons, how Marilyn's wedding gown became Mona Rae's party dress, and how Marilyn and Berniece's mentally ill mother became an angry and difficult burden. Too bad Mona Rae

squashes Berniece's Kentucky twang into third-person, bizarrely present tense, turgid prose (when Berniece once makes a face at her mother, Berniece's "cheeks balloon, and a stream of breath flows slowly through her lips"). But look for good literature somewhere else; this portrait of Marilyn is irreplaceable. **B** —Kate Wilson

LOYALTY AND BETRAYAL: THE STORY OF THE AMERICAN MOB Sidney Zion (*Collins, \$19.95*) If Hollywood has added a patina of glamour to the Mob of decades ago—Warren Beatty as Bugsy Siegel, Robert De Niro as Al Capone, Marlon Brando as the fictional Don Vito Corleone—*Loyalty and Betrayal: The Story of the American Mob*, a companion to the Fox TV special airing in July, does nothing to mask the murderers and their grisly violence. There are blood and guts, photos of the players, and elegant accompanying essays by New York *Daily News* columnist Sidney Zion. *Mob* won't necessarily lead you to a better understanding of the workings of the underworld, but it drives home its horror. **B+** —Rebecca Ascher-Walsh

THE ROOSEVELTS: AN AMERICAN SAGA Peter Collier with David Horowitz (*Simon & Schuster, \$27.50*) "Who elected her?" was asked first about Eleanor Roosevelt, who was no less controversial than Hillary Rodham Clinton, and who



LAST SUPPER: *Loyalty and Betrayal* sheds light on the ugly underworld

was a major force for much of the six-decade Roosevelt political dynasty. To show us Presidents Teddy and Franklin (as well as First Lady Eleanor) as they shaped 20th-century life and politics, Collier relates the machinations of their public politics to the agony of the private battles, jealousies, and tragedies that never left

America's near-royal family alone. He spices every page with tidbits that make the book a pleasure instead of a history lesson: Ted believed telephones to be such "barbarous invention" that he threw his out; Teddy Jr.'s wife Eleanor fires a cook for chopping parsley with his teeth. Collier's meticulous research and lucid

THE OUSTER OF PUBLISHING GIANT DICK SNYDER

A CHAPTER ENDS AT S&S

TO HIS EMPLOYEES he was Scrooge, to his authors he was Santa, and to the publishing world he was Simon & Schuster. But on June 14, Dick Snyder, the 61-year-old CEO, was evicted from his house of 33 years—albeit with a reported \$10 million golden parachute—by his new bosses at Viacom.

That night it would have been hard to gauge who was happier in New York City, Rangers fans celebrating the Stanley Cup, or the S&S workers who for years put up with a caste system of elevators that reserved one bank for management. An aberration among New York's publishing houses, S&S didn't keep summer hours, and there were stories that Snyder insisted employees not leave the office until 3 p.m. on Christmas Eve. Meanwhile, he maintained an opulent corporate lifestyle, with his own private chef and chauffeur. "What can I say?" an assistant editor said of the firing. "We felt like having a ticker-tape parade!"



THE COWBOY WAY: Dick Snyder cut loose

Snyder transformed S&S from the \$70 million company he inherited in 1975 into the \$2 billion behemoth it has become. Clearly Viacom saw Snyder as something of a behemoth, too. His firing could have been foretold last winter, when Viacom's Sumner Redstone outbid QVC's Barry Diller for Paramount, S&S's corporate parent. Rather than curry favor with his new employers, Snyder reportedly sought to renegotiate his \$1 million salary.

Snyder planned to host a dinner for Redstone on June 16. On June 14, Snyder called CBS honcho Howard Stringer, one of his guests, to say that Redstone would not be coming. Stringer asked, "What

happened? You just get fired?"

"As a matter of fact, I just did," said Snyder.

Now there are smiles on the faces of the S&S employees. Snyder's replacement, Jonathan Newcomb, has instituted summer hours and freed up the elevators. —Steve Wulf

WINNER
OF THE WEEK
Roseanne Arnold



The comedy diva can breathe a sigh of relief now that bloodthirsty biographer J. Randy Taraborrelli—who counts Michael Jackson and Diana Ross among his previous victims—has abandoned his work on an alleged unauthorized biography of her for Putnam. His reported stumbling block: “I don’t believe a word she says.”

LOSER
OF THE WEEK
The Book Publishing Community

Check out the hair-raising message of the new Jack Nicholson and Michelle Pfeiffer blockbuster, *Wolf*: Publishing politics are so fierce and backstabbing these days that you’ve literally got to grow fangs in order to compete.

porting illuminate what the Roosevelts did, who they were, and what they helped all America to become. **A** —D.A. Ball

FICTION

ARISE AND WALK Barry Gifford (*Hyperion*, \$19.95) A follow-up to *Night People*, Gifford’s last book, *Arise and Walk* is a mindless pastiche of contrivances masquerad-

ing as a novel. Set in New Orleans in some unspecified near future, it tracks a series of characters with irritatingly cutesy names like Bit-sy Tune, allowing each an introduction, a short dramatic inter-lude, and a spectacular demise by murder or accident. This cartoon fiction by the author of *Wild at Heart* relies on gratuitous gore for its drama, including a scene in which a woman’s nipple is bitten off by a rat. It is crass, soulless, assembly-line satire that sometimes engages but never enlightens. **C** —Margot Mifflin

PAPERBACKS

THE NIGHT MANAGER John le Carré (*Ballantine*, \$6.99, first published in 1993) In this, his 11th novel since he invented the modern espionage story in 1963 with *The Spy Who Came in From the Cold*, Le Carré works familiar territory with the mastery of a brilliant conductor returning to a favorite symphony. **A**

STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN: CAUGHT IN THE CROSSFIRE Joe Nick Patoski and Bill Crawford (*Little, Brown*, \$11.95, 1993) What mattered most to blues guitarist Vaughan, as this biography makes clear, was the music—a horrid cliché that, in his world, was all too true. The guitar framed his life: It gave him identity, brought him into a world of reckless abandon, and ultimately helped save him. **B+**

THE FIFTIES David Halberstam (*Fawcett*, \$15, 1993) This voluminous and highly entertaining popular history demonstrates that, far from being somnolent, the ’50s were a time of almost dizzying scientific and social change. **B+**

THE VIRGIN SUICIDES Jeffrey Eugenides (*Warner*, \$10.99, 1993) The five charismatic Lisbon sisters do, in our startled presence, kill themselves, but there’s not a trace of tabloid sleaze anywhere. *The Virgin Suicides* takes the dark stuff of Greek tragedy and reworks it into a mesmerizing, eccentric, frequently hilarious American fantasy about the tyranny of unrequited love and the unknowable heart of every family on earth—but especially the family next door. **B+**

IN THE ELECTRIC MIST WITH CONFEDERATE DEAD James Lee Burke (*Avon*, \$5.99, 1993) *Mist* is Burke’s sixth novel to feature Cajun detective Dave Robicheaux. As detective series go, they’re first-rate—featuring complex, believable plots, vivid minor characters, and crisp, witty dialogue in several south Louisiana dialects. **A-**

BEST-SELLERS

NOVEL ATTRACTIONS

LITERARY NOVELS as megasellers? Can it finally be? True, John Grisham’s *The Chamber* is No. 1 on the fiction list. But take a gander at No. 3: It’s *The Crossing*, the destined-to-be-a-classic second installment of *The Border Trilogy*, by National Book Award winner Cormac McCarthy. The newly released novel about New Mexico is in its decidedly unliterary first printing of 200,000. Adding fuel to this highfalutin fire: E. Annie Proulx’s *The Shipping News* at No. 2 on the trade paperback list. The novel, currently in its sixth printing with 250,000 copies in print, won a little thing called the Pulitzer Prize this year.

The Crossing



FICTION

- 1 **THE CHAMBER** John Grisham, *Doubleday*, \$24.95.....4
- 2 **THE CELESTINE PROPHECY** James Redfield, *Warner*, \$17.95.....18
- 3 **THE CROSSING** Cormac McCarthy, *Knopf*, \$23.....2
- 4 **INCA GOLD** Clive Cussler, *Simon & Schuster*, \$24.....8
- 5 **THE ALIENIST** Caleb Carr, *Random House*, \$22.....12
- 6 **THE BRIDGES OF MADISON COUNTY** Robert James Waller, *Warner*, \$16.95.....96
- 7 **REMEMBER ME** Mary Higgins Clark, *Simon & Schuster*, \$23.50.....10
- 8 **THE FIST OF GOD** Frederick Forsyth, *Bantam*, \$23.95.....9
- 9 **WALKING SHADOW** Robert B. Parker, *Putnam*, \$19.95.....6
- 10 **THE WATERWORKS** E.L. Doctorow, *Random House*, \$23.....2

NONFICTION

- 1 **IN THE KITCHEN WITH ROSIE** Rosie Daley, *Knopf*, \$14.95.....10
- 2 **THE AGENDA** Bob Woodward, *Simon & Schuster*, \$24.....2
- 3 **MEN ARE FROM MARS, WOMEN ARE FROM VENUS** John Gray, Ph.D., *HarperCollins*, \$23.....65
- 4 **EMBRACED BY THE LIGHT** Betty J. Eadie, *Gold Leaf Press*, \$16.95.....57
- 5 **MAGIC EYE II** Thomas Baceci, *Andrews & McMeel*, \$12.95.....9
- 6 **THE BOOK OF VIRTUES: A TREASURY OF GREAT MORAL STORIES** William J. Bennett, *Simon & Schuster*, \$27.50.....26
- 7 **D-DAY, JUNE 6, 1944** Stephen E. Ambrose, *Simon & Schuster*, \$30.....4
- 8 **STANDING FIRM** Dan Quayle, *HarperCollins/Zondervan*, \$25.....7
- 9 **MAGIC EYE** Thomas Baceci, *Andrews & McMeel*, \$12.95.....22
- 10 **DAVE BARRY IS NOT MAKING THIS UP** Dave Barry, *Crown*, \$20.....1

MASS-MARKET PAPERBACKS

- 1 **A CASE OF NEED** Michael Crichton writing as Jeffery Hudson, *Signet*, \$6.99.....2
- 2 **WITHOUT REMORSE** Tom Clancy, *Berkley*, \$6.99.....1
- 3 **PLEADING GUILTY** Scott Turow, *Warner*, \$6.99.....7
- 4 **THE CLIENT** John Grisham, *Dell*, \$6.99.....20
- 5 **PERFECT** Judith McNaught, *Pocket Books*, \$6.50.....2
- 6 **THE SCORPIO ILLUSION** Robert Ludlum, *Bantam*, \$6.99.....7
- 7 **STAR WARS: DARK APPRENTICE** Kevin J. Anderson, *Bantam*, \$5.99.....3
- 8 **STRIP TEASE** Carl Hiaasen, *Warner Vision*, \$6.50.....1
- 9 **HONOR AMONG THIEVES** Jeffrey Archer, *HarperPaperbacks*, \$6.99.....1
- 10 **CRUEL AND UNUSUAL** Patricia Cornwell, *Avon*, \$6.50.....10

SOURCE: PUBLISHERS WEEKLY

Jackson Family Honor

After five years and 10 million albums, Alan Jackson is a country superstar. But his odes to personal sacrifice on 'Who I Am' hint at the downside of success. BY ALANNA NASH

ALAN JACKSON has always had two things going for him—an easy, reliable honky-tonk style that harkened back to the golden days of '50s country and a flair for clever songwriting. Unlike many Nashville tunesmiths, Jackson knows how to paint vivid images that capture the innocence of rural life, from the rube who likes his sushi Southern fried ("Blue Blooded Woman") to the kids who whiled away the summer building a "pyramid of cans in the pale moonlight" on the banks of a river ("Chattahoochee"). For his effort, he has sold records by the truckload: *Here in the Real World*, his 1989 debut, went platinum, and *A Lot About Livin' (and a Little 'Bout Love)*, his third album and one of the best country records of the '90s, sold close to 4 million copies.

In the two years since that album, Jackson has been on a personal and professional whirlwind. Last year his wife, Denise, gave birth to their second child, Ali, yet Jackson has barely had a chance to be at home. And this spring, he parted with his longtime manager, Barry Coburn, "to make more decisions on his own," according to his publicist.

On **WHO I AM** (Arista), the strain is beginning to show. Where *A Lot About Livin'* caught the essence of Jackson's feel-good persona, his writing on the new record shows him to be more emotionally vulnerable, especially when it comes to his family. One song, "Let's Get Back to Me and You," attempts to rejuvenate a neglected marriage. Another, "Job Description," informs two little girls what their daddy does when he leaves the house ("I sleep 80 miles an hour to the whining of a diesel down the interstate/Dreamin' 'bout my little girls"). Seldom has a star made his life



STRUM UND DRANG:
Jackson learns more
about livin' and lovin'
on his fifth album

away from home sound so lonely.

It's no small irony that the title song—another tune that refers to Jackson and his wife—wasn't actually written by him. In fact, no other album of his has used so much outside material. Of the 13 cuts, Jackson wrote or cowrote only seven. Several of his choices are inspired, especially Bob McDill's "Gone Country," a tongue-in-cheek look at how every has-been in the music business—in this case, a Vegas chanteuse, a New York folkie, and an L.A. pop star—flock to Nashville these days in search of easy pickin's.

But elsewhere, the material runs thin. Jackson's own "I Don't Even Know Your Name," a novelty song involving a waitress, a marriage, and a case of mistaken identity, is far below his usual standard. A cover of Eddie Cochran's "Summertime Blues" is a blatant attempt to duplicate the insouciant joy of "Chattahoochee," Jackson's giant hit of last summer, right down to the guitar runs. And "Hole in the Wall," while a well-written ballad about madness in the loss of love, is this album's requisite honky-tonk weeper. Still, Jackson's trademark sound—a smart tapestry of acoustic, electric, and pedal-steel guitars, set off by tick-tack bass, moaning fiddle, and snappy snare—remains undiminished.

If *Who I Am* lacks the emotional depth of Jackson's earlier records, it is also aptly named. Think of it as a portrait of a man taking stock, sorting out who he is and what's really important to him—and desperately in need of some time to enjoy his success. **B**

Who's Boxed

The riffs are alright on the group's new anthology

EVEN IF the Who didn't invent the art of self-cannibalization on *Odds & Sods*, its 1974 collection of B sides and outtakes, the band certainly perfected it during the last decade with incessant farewell tours and *Tommy* retreads. Perhaps no other group has devoted as much time and energy to alternately inflating and smashing itself to bits. **THIRTY YEARS OF MAXIMUM R&B** (MCA), a four-CD boxed set



SEE ME, FEEL ME, RECYCLE ME:
A new package chronicles the Who (here in the mid-'60s)

view snippets and a 1967 Coke commercial done in the raucous style of *Live at Leeds*. Still, the remixes of masterpieces and cult favorites alike (like the funny "Mary Anne with the Shaky Hand") boost both the highs and the subtleties of Pete Townshend's always astounding guitar. Even if there are no epiphanies here, the strong arm with which Townshend once sweetly mixed mod sentiments with Beach Boy harmonies and the manic drumming of Keith Moon still deliver a jolt of maximum pleasure. **A-** —Deborah Frost

SURF MUSIC RIDES AGAIN

WAVE NEW WORLD

YOU MAY think surf music has gone the way of Brylcreem and the beehive, but that high-octane, reverb-drenched, guitar-driven instrumental rock is riding a new wave of popularity. Dick Dale, the 57-year-old "King of the Surf Guitar," made a comeback last year and has just released a new album, *Unknown Territory* (see review on page 57). Surf-music reissues are flooding the market, led by Del-Fi Records' "Original California Surf Series"—a collection of original albums and new compilations featuring the likes of soon-to-be-Beach Boy Bruce Johnston and the Centurions, whose 1962 song "Bullwinkle P. II" is featured in the soundtrack to the upcoming film *Pulp Fiction*. And a new generation of surf rockers, including groups like the Aqua Velvets, the Mermen, and the Singing None, has surfaced on the West Coast, where the music has always been a regional phenomenon.

Today's younger (mid-20s to mid-30s) surf bands range from purists like the Eliminators to the Halibuts, who add ukuleles and mandolins to their twangy guitars. All the bands share the same goal as their forefathers: replicating the sensation of riding the curl. "People talk about blues as an indigenous art form," says Mel Bergman, 30, guitarist for the Bay Area-based Phantom Surfers. "Well, surf music is no less valid a form. It's white teenage suburban kid music. It's like a folk art, and we're just trying to keep it alive."

Ironically, Dale—whose "Let's Go Trippin'" launched surf guitar in 1961—hasn't hung 10 in years. A fervent environmentalist, he's convinced our waters are too polluted. "Snowboarding is the future," he announces, "because the snow's still white. It hasn't turned yellow yet." —Robert Seidenberg



ILLUSTRATION BY WAYNO

ROCK STARS AS FASHION DESIGNERS

THE CLOTHES MAKE THE FAN

TIRED OF the baggy T-shirts and pants of the mosh-pit scene, Sonic Youth's Kim Gordon swapped guitar pick for needle and thread this spring and came up with X-Girl, a line of feminine, form-fitting clothes. And she isn't alone. In the latest twist on rock merchandising, musicians from the Beastie Boys to the Grateful Dead are hawking their self-designed wares, as the following samples show. At the very least, you'll never have to wonder what to wear to their concerts. —Michele Romero

	X-LARGE	GRATEFUL DEAD	X-GIRL	NPG
THE GOODS	Beastie Boy Mike D and partners Adam Silverman and Eli Bonerz sell T-shirts, caps, and flannel shirts for grunge and hip-hop kids, skaters, and snowboarders. Chinos and jacket designs seem cribbed from a UPS guy's uniform.	The catalog of the Dead features Garcia-and-company-approved garb dotted with the band's "Steal Your Face" skull or dancing bears on dog collars, Nicole Miller boxer shorts and ties, tie-dyed T's, baby togs, golf shirts—even golf balls.	Kim Gordon and friend Daisy von Furth use their Home Ec skills to create affordable fashions that fit the female form—like tight, baby-size T-shirts and cotton and polyester frocks inspired by tennis dresses.	♀ peddles items that include limited-edition guitars, leather caps, jewelry, tambourines, Prince videos, discs of other artists on the Paisley Park music label, and "Love God" guitar picks.
CELEBRITY MANNEQUINS	The Beastie Boys (duh) Primus Sonic Youth	The band's roadies	Kim Gordon Sofia Coppola Ione Skye	♀
SAMPLE LID	\$18 	\$18 	\$22 	\$195 
WHAT YOU'LL LOOK LIKE	Post-bong-hit janitor	A weekend Deadhead, man	Jan Brady at Lollapalooza	♀
WACKIEST ITEM	'70s-style T-shirt with <i>Kung Fu</i> -type characters on front	Sport sandals with the "Steal Your Face" skull on the clasp	Hot pink mini that covers little more than an Ace bandage would	An atomizer that sprays pheromones (selected and approved by ♀) into your bio-sphere
HOW TO SCORE THE THREADS	X-Large shops in several major cities	Dead-show vendors, some mall stores	X-Large too	Visit the ♀-designed Minneapolis store, a true mecca for fans.
THE LOOK				

STYLIST: TONJA "WIST" HAIR: DANIEL HOWELL/LIVY BERNARD, RONNIE RIVERA/ON; ON NPG GIRL, JACKET: LAURA WHITCOMB FOR LABEL, MAT: GEMMA KHANG; CAPS PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEVEN FREEMAN



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MONDAY, JULY 4

"The Sons of Katie Elder" with John Wayne

TUESDAY, JULY 5

"Female On The Beach" with Joan Crawford

WEDNESDAY, JULY 6

"The Black Swan" with Tyrone Power

THURSDAY, JULY 7

" Sylvia Scarlett" with Katharine Hepburn

FRIDAY, JULY 8

"An Affair To Remember" with Cary Grant

SATURDAY, JULY 9

"Double Indemnity" with Barbara Stanwyck & Fred MacMurray

SUNDAY, JULY 10

"The Lady Eve" with Barbara Stanwyck & Henry Fonda

Check your local TV listings for program times



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THE WEEK

POP/ROCK

LEONARD COHEN *Cohen Live: Leonard Cohen in Concert* (Columbia) No one ever accused pop poet Cohen of being a live wire. Which makes the idea of a concert album from this brilliant but bookish star puzzling. So look at it this way: The record is a nice excuse for a Cohen "best of" collection, and a fresh chance to savor Cohen's world of morbidity and miracles. **B** —Jim Farber

HOUSE OF PAIN *Same as It Ever Was* (Tommy Boy) House of Pain's Everlast is almost comically gruff on his group's atmospheric sophomore effort. But the Irish-American rapper's spontaneous rhyming style is no joke, and neither is his outlaw persona (he just served four



THE OLD MAN AND THE STAGE: Cohen grabs hold of a new live album

months under house arrest for weapons possessions). The band's warrior chants are set against gritty soundscapes that are consistently more innovative—and funky—than most of its multiplatinum

debut. One of the year's best hip-hop records. **A** —Dimitri Ehrlich

SWV *The Remixes* (RCA) On this EP of remixed material from their hit debut, *It's About Time*, SWV aban-

don arresting harmonies for a tougher street sound. The results are mixed: "Anything" (from the *Above the Rim* soundtrack) is thick and gritty, and "I'm So Into You" scratches a funky itch, but "Right Here" samples so much of Michael Jackson's "Human Nature" you'd think the CD player skipped over to *Thriller*. New Jackson Swing, anyone? **B-** —Devon Jackson

VARIOUS ARTISTS *DGC Rarities Vol. 1* (DGC) Outtakes compilations generally fall into one of two categories: gems or dung. Fortunately, this one from Geffen Records' alternative subsidiary leans toward the former, with an atypically upbeat track from Counting Crows, an ode to cheap wine by Teenage Fanclub, some Dylanish jive from Beck, and fine efforts from Hole and Cell. Add a Nirvana leftover ("Pay to Play," an early incarnation of "Stay Away"), and the result is a pretty dandy artifact. **A-** —Tom Sinclair

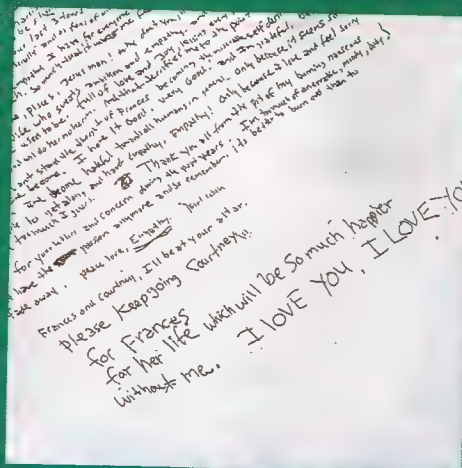
VARIOUS ARTISTS *The Secret Life of Trance* (Planet Earth) **VARIOUS ARTISTS** *One A.D. (volume one ambient dub)* (Waveform) Techno mutates and renames itself constantly, and with recent compilations, the music has regrouped around cryptic rubrics—trance and dub. The former, best exemplified by *The Secret Life of Trance*, reconciles hard-

HOW TO WEAR KURT COBAIN'S SUICIDE NOTE

GHOULISH, TO A 'T'

JUST BEFORE he committed suicide, Kurt Cobain placed a note in a nearby potted plant. The missive—part of which was read by Courtney Love at her husband's vigil—instantly became pop-culture folklore, even though Seattle police say they kept it under wraps. "We have never released the suicide note to anyone in the media," says police spokeswoman Vinette Tichi. "The medical examiner has a copy, which they have not given out, and the family has a copy."

How, then, did the full contents of the note find their way into the hands of two young T-shirt vendors in southern Washington State? The budding entrepreneurs at Grunge Enterprises aren't saying—but that's where their discretion ends. Grocery checker Tim Fairfield, 21, and waiter Joe Taylor, 20, have run national magazine ads for \$20 "memorial T-shirts" bearing a silk-screened version of what appears to be Cobain's handwritten farewell.



They started selling them on a street corner in Vancouver, Wash., a few weeks ago, and "a lot of people were going, 'That's gross—you're trying to make money off someone's death,'" says Fairfield. "Actually, I am trying to make money, but that note is meant for those fans."

The pair has sold about 200 of the souvenirs, even though Fairfield admits he never got the green light from Cobain's widow, Love. "I didn't ask permission," he says. "I just printed it. That's the part that makes me go, 'Uh-oh, what's going

to happen?'" Apart from raising questions of taste, the business approach has its drawbacks. "If I could copyright it, I could sell a ton of these shirts," he explains. "But I'm not gonna call Courtney and say, 'Hey...'"

As for Grunge Enterprises' next endeavor? "I want to get an O.J. Simpson shirt printed up," Fairfield says. "You could sell the crap out of those." —Jeff Gordinier

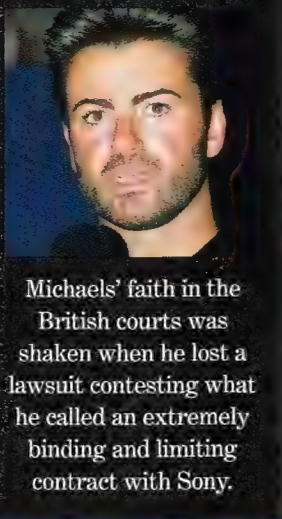
**WINNER
OF THE WEEK**

Computer Dweebs

Aerosmith heads out on the superhighway and makes history by being the first major rock band to offer CompuServe subscribers a free download of an unreleased song ("Head First," an outtake from *Get a Grip*).

**LOSER
OF THE WEEK**

George Michael



Michael's faith in the British courts was shaken when he lost a lawsuit contesting what he called an extremely binding and limiting contract with Sony.

DUNCAN RABAN/ALL ACTION/RETNA

core techno's manic pop desire with the avant experimentation of ambient music. *One A.D.* livens up ambient's New Age dither with tongue-in-cheek grooves. Like their trance counterparts, *One A.D.*'s DJ-producers are Brian Eno fans who know that techno's wacky uncle was just as much a songwriter as a sonic explorer. *Secret Life*: **A** *One A.D.*: **B+** —Charles Aaron

COMPULSION Comforter (Elektra) There's nothing comforting about this wallop of a debut. With one inspirational foot in late-'70s Britain punk rock and the other in late-'80s Seattle grunge, this London band's strong suit is careening, sinewy guitar assaults, buoying a lyrical demeanor that's both strident and cheeky. **A-** —Mike Flaherty

DICK DALE Unknown Territory (High-Tone) In the wake of his 1993 cult triumph, *Tribal Thunder*, surf-rock legend Dale rides again on the

kitschy, reverb-guitar twang he pioneered in the late '50s. While the wave-crest glory of "Terra Diktyl" and "The Beast" steer this odd set clear of a wipeout, landlocked listeners may find this mostly instrumental *Territory* off-limits. "Hava Nagila" as a surf tune? Just when you thought it was safe to go back in the water... **C** —Erik Esckilsen

REISSUES

CLIFF RICHARD The Cliff Richard Collection (1978-1994) (*Razor & Tie*) Here's a man born to be a *Jeopardy!* question: "In 1958, he made the first British rock & roll record, and since then has had more songs on the U.K. charts than any other artist." Answer: "Who is Cliff Richard?"—which is exactly what American *Jeopardy!* fans might ask, since (apart from the top 10 tunes "Devil Woman" and "We Don't Talk Anymore") Richard has had little luck here. These mostly British hits help explain why: He sings nearly all of these empty pop songs in the same stupefyingly earnest way. **C** —Greg Sandow

COUNTRY

LARI WHITE Wishes (RCA) White's stunning 1993 debut, *Lead Me Not*, unveiled her wailing soprano in a thrilling stew of country, gospel, and blues. Since it bombed, producer Garth Fundis (Trisha Yearwood) steers White toward the safety of the middle of the road on *Wishes*. Still, her powerful voice—Loretta with a touch of Mahalia—drives everything up a notch on the goosebump meter. **B** —Bob Cannon

HAL KETCHUM Every Little Word (Curb) The best soulfully sensitive guy to hit country since Bill Anderson, Ketchum proves he's a softy with a spine on his third collection. He sings his bittersweet ballads about troubled romances with a firm stoicism, and he contrasts his smoky tenor with spare, dry folk instrumentation that doesn't neglect a juicy beat now and then. **A-** —Ken Tucker

JAZZ

CHICK COREA Expressions (GRP) Stripped down to just a well-tuned, crisply manipulated piano with no electronics, Corea gives a rare showcase of his solo skills. As jazz interpreters go, Corea draws more on flamenco than on the blues and favors gymnastic flourishes over raw, exploratory gray zones. But his signature touch and technical aplomb are, as always, something to admire. **B+** —Josef Woodard

THE CHARTS

'KING' HARVEST

THE DISNEY mouse continues to scurry up the pop chart. With the studio's summer megahit, *The Lion King*, opening to a \$40.9 million gross in its first weekend, the movie's soundtrack leaps to No. 2 in only its fourth week in the bins. While the album hasn't yet unseated *Purple*, the sophomore disc from Stone Temple Pilots, who hold on to the top spot for the third consecutive week, the *Lion King* album has become the highest-charting of Disney's three latest animated blockbusters (the *Aladdin* soundtrack peaked at No. 6). And the album's first single, Elton John's "Can You Feel the Love Tonight," is not only a top 20 hit but also a sure-fire early favorite in the Oscar race for Best Song.



LAST WEEK		POP ALBUMS	WEEKS ON CHART
1	1	STONE TEMPLE PILOTS <i>Purple</i> , Atlantic.....	3
2	5	SOUNDTRACK <i>The Lion King</i> , Walt Disney.....	4
3	2	ACE OF BASE <i>The Sign</i> , Arista.....	31
4	3	WARREN G <i>Regulate...The G Funk Era</i> , Violator/RAL.....	3
5	4	TIM MCGRAW <i>Not a Moment Too Soon</i> , Curb.....	14
6	7	COUNTING CROWS <i>August and Everything After</i> , DGC.....	28
7	11	ALL-4-ONE <i>All-4-One</i> , Blitzzz/Atlantic.....	11
8	8	SOUNDTRACK <i>The Crow</i> , Interscope/Atlantic.....	13
9	6	VINCE GILL <i>When Love Finds You</i> , MCA.....	3
10	9	SOUNDTRACK <i>Above the Rim</i> , Death Row/Interscope.....	14

		R&B ALBUMS	
1	1	WARREN G <i>Regulate...The G Funk Era</i> , Violator/RAL.....	3
2	2	SOUNDTRACK <i>Above the Rim</i> , Death Row/Interscope.....	14
3	3	AALIYAH <i>Age Ain't Nothing But a Number</i> , Blackground/Jive.....	5
4	5	HEAVY D AND THE BOYZ <i>Nuttin' But Love</i> , Uptown/MCA.....	5
5	6	OUTKAST <i>Southernplayalisticadillacmuzik</i> , LaFace/Arista.....	9
6	4	R. KELLY <i>12 Play</i> , Jive.....	33
7	7	PATTI LABELLE <i>Gems</i> , MCA.....	3
8	—	BLACKSTREET <i>Blackstreet</i> , Interscope.....	1
9	12	AARON HALL <i>The Truth</i> , Silas/MCA.....	39
10	9	TONI BRAXTON <i>Toni Braxton</i> , LaFace/Arista.....	50

		COLLEGE ALBUMS	
1	2	BEASTIE BOYS <i>Ill Communication</i> , Grand Royal/Capitol.....	4
2	1	SONIC YOUTH <i>Experimental Jet Set, Trash and No Star</i> , DGC.....	7
3	9	LUSH <i>Split</i> , 4AD/Reprise.....	2
4	7	HELMET <i>Betty</i> , Interscope.....	2
5	10	VELOCITY GIRL <i>Simpatico!</i> , Sub Pop.....	3
6	6	FRANK BLACK <i>Teenager of the Year</i> , 4AD/Elektra.....	4
7	5	ROLLINS BAND <i>Weight</i> , Imago.....	12
8	3	HOLE <i>Live Through This</i> , DGC.....	11
9	4	LIVE <i>Throwing Copper</i> , Radioactive.....	9
10	8	FRENTE! <i>Marvin the Album</i> , Mammoth/Atlantic.....	9

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Stone Unturned

Why can't Oliver Stone get out of Vietnam? While exposing more scars of war in the soap operaish 'Heaven and Earth,' he ends up slighting his subject. BY TY BURR

PASSION IS A suspect commodity in Hollywood—think about how many movies sweat to look cool—so the dizzy swoon of an Oliver Stone epic is, in its way, a welcome change of pace. It's nice to see a filmmaker talk it like he walks it, even if the talk is mostly exhortatory monologues. Stone's sense of endangered righteousness has sustained his career; that, and the fact that he's the only director to continually rush into the haunted house of our national nightmare, Vietnam, and shine a flashlight.

But passion devoid of content—what you'd call a plot—is a silly thing, and so is **HEAVEN AND EARTH** (1993, Warner, R, priced for rental). In theory, it's a canny move: the third panel in Stone's triptych. **PLATOON** (1986, LIVE, R, \$14.98) gave us the grunt's-eye-view of Vietnam, **BORN ON THE FOURTH OF JULY** (1989, MCA/Universal, R, \$19.98) showed where the shrapnel landed back home, and now we get to visit Hell again from the vantage point of Le Ly Hayslip (Hiep Thi Li), a victim/survivor. There's also the sort-of-prequel *J.F.K.*, which shows how Camelot—excuse me, Paradise—was lost in the first place, but the three 'Nam films trace the hardening of Stone's passion and the loosening of his artistic grip.

When the three are seen together, it's clear that *Heaven and Earth* is the odd film out, and only partly because it's Stone's first movie to have a woman at its center. Stone's best work follows a blueprint: An amoral man or unformed naïf must choose between good and evil at a moment of ethical awakening. *Platoon* drags its callow hero (Charlie Sheen) to the point at which he reacts to the horror of war by killing satanic Sergeant Barnes (Tom Berenger). Fragging an officer may be the ultimate act

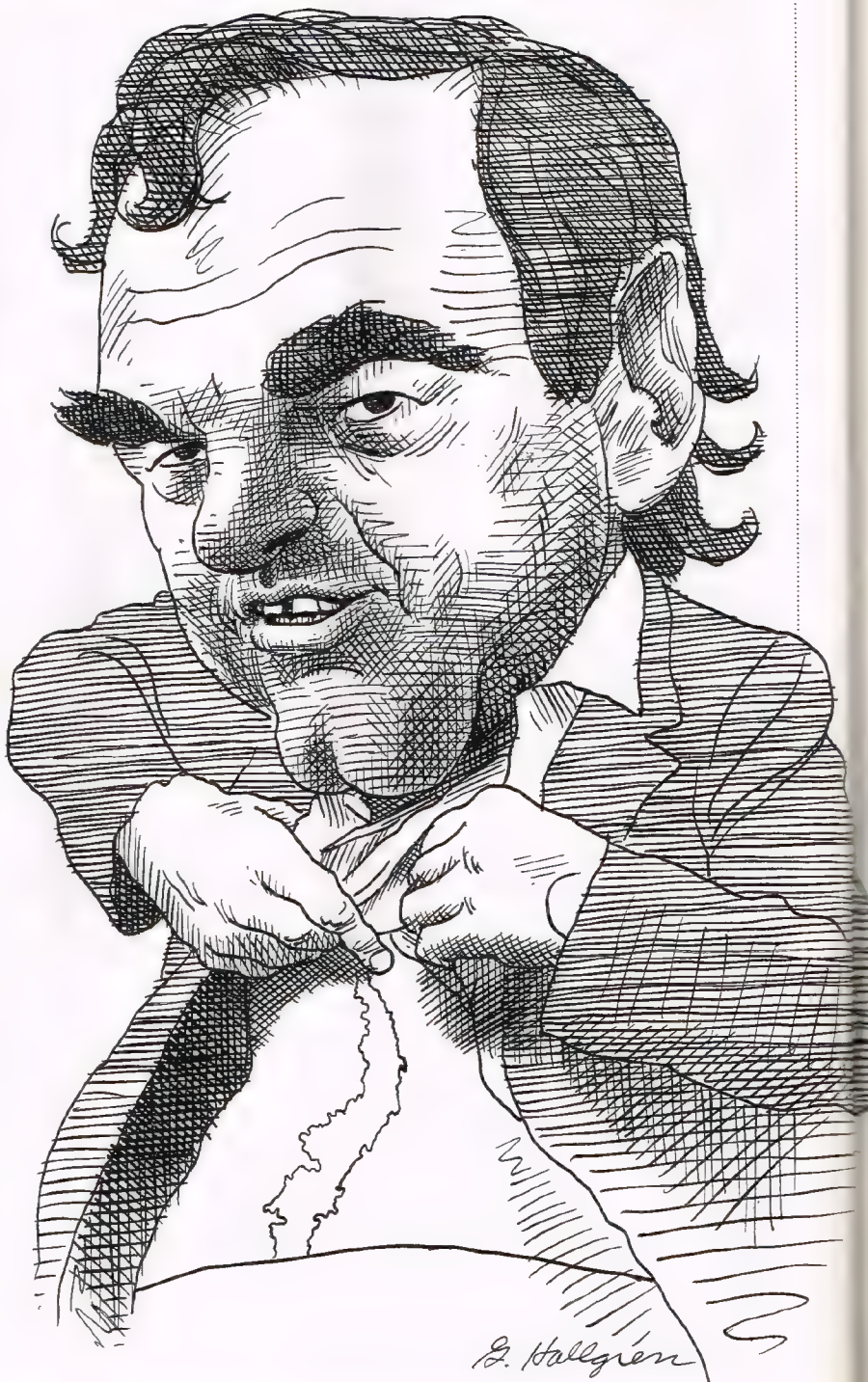


ILLUSTRATION BY GARY HALLGREN

of nihilism to anyone outside a platoon, but Stone gets you to buy into, and mourn for, the inversion of values.

Likewise, Ron Kovic (Tom Cruise) achieves moral manhood in *Born on the Fourth of July* only after his body is destroyed. As a paraplegic veteran, he is able to throw off the smothering jingoism of his upbringing and become an antiwar activist.

Heaven and Earth never brings its heroine to that crossroads of action. In fact, the movie's signal fault is that Le Ly never really does *anything*. Rather, things are done unto her. Based on the real Hayslip's two autobiographies, the movie traverses a broad arc of events from a childhood on farmlands near Da Nang to entrepreneurial success in San Diego. Along the way, Le Ly is recruited, tortured, raped, and seduced by various factions of the Vietnam conflict. She gives birth, sells contraband to GIs, turns to prostitution, falls for a kindly Marine (Tommy Lee Jones), and follows him home to California, where her marriage cracks apart from postwar stress.

Enough soap there for *Gone With the Wind*, right? Yet Stone seems incapable of honest corn. Every frame aspires to a nobler purpose that has more to do with Stone's tragic vision than with Le Ly's story. The stations of Stone's passion are all here—a grandiose score (by Kitaro), lush, harsh imagery—but events wash over passive Le Ly like water over a rock. It's no fault of Hiep Thi Li, whom the camera instinctively loves, and every so often she gets to show a subversive toughness that Stanwyck or Vivien Leigh would have recognized.

Mostly, though, she's stuck in Olivia De Havilland territory. Joan Chen, as Le Ly's mother, has it worse: Her natural glamour tamped down in the manner of the best Hollywood peasantry, teeth smeared with Fung-O or some such substance, Chen suggests Luise Rainer's O-Lan in the starchy 1937 version of *The Good Earth*. Her role's the same too: She's that old unquenchable spirit of the land, here dispensing New Age bromides like "You have completed your circle of growth."

It's easy to make fun of the comic-strip dialogue, the agitprop posturing, the sloppy plotting in which the where or when of a scene gets lost, because

Stone doesn't seem to care. He's faking the passion this time. The only segments of *Heaven and Earth* that connect with viewers are those dealing with Le Ly's tormented husband, Steve Butler. They're obviously the scenes that connected with Stone, too, and you can feel his relief at being on home turf. He's locked into seeing Butler through his heroine's eyes, but he has more interest in the soldier than the war bride.

That makes *Heaven and Earth* a genuine waste of celluloid, since the real Le Ly Hayslip appears to have been plenty active. The narration indicates that she became a successful restaurateur—

shades of *Mildred Pierce*—but we see no evidence of her business acumen. An end crawl tells us that she went on to found the East Meets West Foundation, which certainly seems to hold the potential for drama. But Stone can't show us this side of the woman, because then he'd have to forfeit his vision of the sainted martyr. What's appalling is that there's a story here worth telling and possibly an actress capable of telling it. What's more appalling is that Stone's first film with a woman at its center only reinforces his misogyny. *Heaven and Earth*: **C-** *Platoon*: **B+** *Born on the Fourth of July*: **B**

STONE'S FIRST MOVIE

FITS AND STARTS

"I DON'T THINK I am a horror-film director," says Oliver Stone, and if you dig out his 1974 directing debut, a piece of back-of-the-store video arcana called *Seizure* (available from Prism Entertainment), you'll probably agree.

Stone, who would direct far more bloodcurdling scenes in *Heaven and Earth*, did show a flair for casting in *Seizure* that would make John Waters proud. The story of three unearthly strangers who terrorize a house full of people, the movie features a pre-*Fantasy Island* Herve Villechaize, along with *Doctor Jekyll and Sister Hyde*'s Martine Beswicke, and '60s teen idol Troy Donahue. Jonathan Frid, vampire Barnabas Collins from TV's *Dark Shadows*, plays the tortured writer who wonders whether his nightmares are responsible for the ordeal.

The 25-year-old Stone was a few years out of film school, working as a cabdriver and a messenger, when he helped put together the project (which he coscripted and coedited). It was shot for \$130,000 at a lakeside house in Quebec, which doubled as a residence for most of the cast. Not

just a cost-cutting maneuver, Stone says, "[It was a] Method live-in." Stone remembers good times on the set, but says things turned ugly when checks started bouncing: "Villechaize was fun to work with until he didn't get paid, then he got the most angry. He [began] threatening the producers."

Stone was "mad and passionate," Beswicke says. "I just knew that he was destined to do great things." Costar Joe Sirola wasn't as impressed: "He didn't seem to know what he was doing. He didn't know camera angles or anything. After *Platoon*, I sent him a wire saying, 'Either I'm a terrible judge of talent or you've improved tremendously.'" "It was for me a learning experience I've never forgotten," says Stone. And where did that first feature get him? "Back to cabdriving," he says. —George Mannes



WRENCHING PORTRAYAL: Villechaize attacks in *Seizure*

VIDEO'S NEW KICKBOXING KING

ENTER 'THE DRAGON'

Real-life champ Don Wilson fights his way to the top of the action heap. BY KATE MEYERS

THE LICENSE PLATE on his Mercedes reads *1 DRAGON*. A ceramic dragon sits atop a TV set in one of his two apartments. White dragon, a style of kickboxing, gave Don "The Dragon" Wilson his nickname and made him a world light-heavyweight champion for 12 consecutive years. But his athletic career didn't bring him the Benz. Breathing white-hot fire at the video store did. With 15 low-budget martial-arts movies under his belt—including New Horizon's recent *Bloodfist V: Human Target*—and one more in preproduction, Wilson is a small-screen superstar.

"I'm at the top of the bottom," he says, smiling. The Japanese-American Florida native stands a lean six feet, 190 pounds—not the overpumped body you might expect of a lethal weapon. Combine that physique with boyish handsomeness—he's almost 40, looks 30—and it adds up to a strange kind of action hero. "[In my movies] I'm the good guy. I don't drink, smoke, swear, do drugs, and I don't have explicit sex scenes," he says. "Parents know, when they rent my movies, that there are good guys and bad guys, and the bad guys lose." This, he believes, is the reason the average height of fans at his autograph signings is four feet.

"These films tend to be followed by a specific, loyal audience that we can access directly through video," says Mike Elliott, who, as production head of schlockmeister Roger Corman's Concorde Pictures, has overseen Wilson's *Bloodfist* movies. "[Concorde puts] out 30 pictures a year, but Don's films alone could keep the company running in profits."

In 1987, Corman discovered Wilson in a karate magazine and gave him a call. "I read for Roger," Wilson remembers. "He sat back, stared at me, and said, 'You're gonna be a big movie star.'" Two days later, Wilson signed a deal and began working for scale (about \$1,200 a week). In the last 18 months, Wilson has earned well over \$1 million.

Things weren't always so well, kicky. Wilson arrived in L.A. in 1985, pulled into a Holiday Inn, and spent a month reading books about acting. Hollywood, however, was unim-



AMAZING FEET:
Wilson gets a leg up
on the competition

pressed. "There's not much call for six-foot Asian actors with Southern accents," says Wilson. One La Choy Chinese-food commercial and one stint as Thug No. 1 on *General Hospital* later, Wilson met his video destiny.

The actor has mixed feelings when he's referred to as the next Jean-Claude Van Damme. He'd love to follow in the Belgian's big-screen footsteps. But in the ring, forget it. "He was a member of the Belgian national team. That's like being part of the Bahamian football league," explains Wilson. "If we boxed, it would be like Stallone fighting Tyson." ♦

Prose and Cons

Two 'Shadowlands' shed different light on a romance

THE AGE OF VIDEO has brought comparison shopping to movie watching. Anyone interested in the relationship between British writer C.S. Lewis and American poet Joy Gresham, for example, can choose between two retellings: **SHADOWLANDS** (1993, HBO, PG, priced for rental), starring Anthony Hopkins and Debra Winger, and **SHADOWLANDS** (1985, Atlas, unrated, \$19.95), a truncated, made-for-British-TV account. Though quite different, both were written by the same author, William Nicholson.

Star power aside, the more recent version is the far better film. Lewis and Gresham meet through their love of literature, then become friends, lovers, and husband and wife before Gresham dies of cancer. Although the small screen's Joss Ackland and Claire Bloom capture the sidelong glances of two souls forming deep bonds, the story does not lend itself to an instant-coffee, 92-minute condensation. This rendering also disregards the humor and complexity that arise from the pairing of the circumspect Lewis and the freewheeling Gresham.

Director Richard Attenborough adds texture to the 1993 movie with shots of Oxford—the flowing robes of the dons, the treble voices in the choirs. The telefilm keeps mostly to tight close-ups. But there's a more fundamental difference: The television version is mostly about dying. The subject of the theatrical release is living. *Shadowlands*, 1993: **A-** 1985: **C-** —Lawrence O'Toole



JOY DE VIVRE: Winger brings life to the role of ill-fated poet Gresham in the '93 *Shadowlands*

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THE WEEK

RECENT MOVIES

THE PELICAN BRIEF Julia Roberts, Denzel Washington (1993, Warner, PG-13, priced for rental) Remember when man-and-woman-on-the-run chase thrillers were witty and fun? Well, keep remembering. This bloodless bore pays lip service to affirmative action by making its pursued couple an interracial one, then shows its craven hand, letting nary a meaningful glance pass between them. And that's the least of its sins. The others? Well, it's overlong, and its take-me-seriously script weighs down a supporting cast (Robert Culp, John Lithgow, and Hume Cronyn, among others) who could have done watchable work had they been given something to work with. **C-** —Glenn Kenny

IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER Daniel Day-Lewis, Pete Postlethwaite (1993, MCA/Universal, R, priced for rental) Director Jim Sheridan (*My Left Foot*) brings drive, tension,

and tremendous heart to the true story of Gerry Conlon, wrongfully imprisoned more than 15 years for IRA bombings. But the core of the tale is the heartrending relationship between Conlon and his father, Giuseppe (Postlethwaite), also his cellmate. They show us the place where love and hate uneasily lie down together. Day-Lewis, though convincingly energetic as Conlon, is a bit too studied, and it is Postlethwaite, looking like a Francis Bacon painting come to life, who steals the show. **A-** —LO'T

REALITY BITES Winona Ryder, Ethan Hawke (1994, MCA/Universal, PG-13, priced for rental) Despite the hype, the Generation X crowd (or twentysomethings or whatever label they're objecting to this week) avoided Ben Stiller's romantic comedy at the box office, proving that audiences don't always bite even if reality does. It's worth a look on video, but only if you keep your expectations low. Biggest problem? Mod, independent Lelaina (Ryder) basically defines her life in guy terms: There's Cute Rich Empty Guy (Stiller as a vacuous TV exec) and Cute Hostile Deep Guy (Hawke as Ryder's rebel roommate). They're both almost literally cartoons—Veronica and Betty with a sex change. Ryder and costar Janeane Garofalo (in the Jughead role), though, give *Bites* a reality it needs. **B-** —TB

BLINK Madeleine Stowe, Aidan Quinn (1994, New Line, R, priced for rental) Blind woman in jeopardy?

Oh, puh-*leez*, we heard and saw and rented that one back when it was called *Wait Until Dark* and *See No Evil*. This time the heroine isn't exactly blind, but her new corneal implants have a way of schizing out, making her a most unreliable murder witness. Luckily, she's played by Stowe, whose glorious impatience gives the character an edge that most pallid thriller victims lack. Quinn is the gruff cop assigned to protect her, and for fans of sicko movie villains, there's one with a motive you won't see coming even if your vision's 20/20. **B+** —TB

GAR 54, WHERE ARE YOU? David Johansen, Fran Drescher (1994, Orion, PG-13, priced for rental) Not even the presence of the irrepressible Johansen (here playing the Gunther Toody role originated by the ineffable Joe E. Ross on the '60s television show) and a paddy wagon full of engaging Noo Yawk types can pull this woe-begone comedy out of the vulgar ditch that its screenwriters drove it into. **C-** —GK

SILENT TONGUE Alan Bates, Richard Harris (1994, Vidmark, PG-13, priced for rental) The lone lure of this supernatural Western is a truly possessed performance by River Phoenix in his last completed role. And while Harris has been

doing good work of late, his teaming with fellow Englishman Bates seems to have inspired some recidivist scenery chewing. Auteur Sam Shepard tries mightily but is too inexperienced in the director's

COMING UP

Due in stores the week of July 14–20:

CASSETTES

◆ **ON DEADLY GROUND** (1994, Warner, R) First-time director Steven Seagal plays an oil worker battling an evil boss (Michael Caine) who's polluting the Alaskan coastline.

◆ **BODY SNATCHERS** (1994, Warner, R) Abel Ferrara's update of the classic about aliens who replicate humans; starring Gabrielle Anwar.

◆ **MY FATHER, THE HERO** (1994, Touchstone, PG) Comedy about a protective father (Gérard Depardieu) and his teenage daughter who's growing up too fast.

LASER DISC

◆ **MOONSTRUCK** (1987, MGM/UA, PG) Wide-screen edition (with the original trailer) of the romantic comedy starring Cher and Nicolas Cage.



BRIEF ENCOUNTER: Washington and Roberts compare case notes

SLEEPER PATROL

TREASURE CHSS

CHSS ISN'T the most compelling game going on is **SEARCHING FOR BOBBY FISCHER** (1993, Paramount, PG, priced for rental), a wonderfully photographed story about a 7-year-old prodigy (Max Pomeranc) on whom everybody's putting the moves: his consumed-with-winning dad (Joe Mantegna); his mom (Joan Allen), who wants her child back; and two competing mentors, Pat-dolfini (Ben Kingsley) and compassionate park-bench hustler Vinnie (Laurence Fishburne). Writer-director Steven Zaillian, who adapted *Schindler's List* for Steven Spielberg, can't resist going E.T.-bathetic, but before that, the possibility that this child may wind up spindled by talent is riveting. **A-** —Steve Daly

CHECK MATES: Fishburne and Pomeranc park their differences

GRATUITOUS
PARODY
OF THE WEEK

The Dullard Purple



For those who just can't get enough Barney-bashing, *Blarney: It Ain't No Picnic* (Back Alley Productions, 310-842-6330), a new home-grown tape by the L.A.-based comedy team Dino and Rocco, depicts the singing dinosaur as a belching, cigar-chomping oaf.

SEQUELS
OF THE WEEK

May the Fourth
Be With You

You probably don't remember parts 2 and 3 (or even the original), but a trio of new releases—*Ghoulies IV*, *Angel 4: Undercover*, and *Kickboxer 4: The Aggressor*—prove that some video franchises will never die.

chair to give this tale of death, revenge, and madness the visual flair it cries out for. **C** —GK

DOCUMENTARY

PASSIN' IT ON (1993, *First Run*, \$29.95) This soft-focus look at Black Panther Druba Bin Wahad is too smart to be either didactic or shrill, but like many advocacy pieces, it presents an overly stark conflict between good and evil. Its allegations against the bad guys—

FBI paranoia, police brutality, suppression of evidence—are far more convincing than its portrayal of a flawlessly heroic revolutionary. **B** —Susan Chumsky

MUSIC

RANDY TRAVIS: THIS IS ME (1994, *Warner Reprise*, \$14.98) Many long-form music videos intersperse among the songs new footage of the performer sharing "fascinating" stories. The problem here is that the performer doesn't have anything interesting to say. Randy Travis is a hell of a honky-tonk singer and the world's nicest guy, but in the best segment of the bunch—the live-action/animated video for "Before You Kill Us All"—he's upstaged by a dog, a cat, and some goldfish. Some pets have all the luck. **C+** —Alanna Nash

SPORTS

DREAM TEAM II (1994, *CBS/Fox*, \$14.98) Heralding this August's world championship of basketball in Toronto, this 40-minute program collects game footage and interviews with the NBA stars of the second Dream Team. More engaging than its highlights of signature moves—Tim Hardaway's cat-paw crossover, Shawn Kemp's monster dunk—is its mixing of two generations, with the former Detroit Pistons tandem of Isiah Thomas and Joe Dumars holding court with a new style of playmaker in Steve Smith and the hot-handed shooting guard Reggie Miller. In its effort to give all 12 players airtime, however—and include each one's obligatory vows for the gold—*Dream Team II* falls just a little short of doing its vastly talented subjects justice. **B** —Marion Hart

LASERDISC

RICHARD III Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson (1955, *Voyager*, unrated, \$99.95) Despite its cult reputation, this last of actor-director Olivier's Shakespearean adaptations (heretofore only available on tape, cut by 20 minutes) is not a complete success. Its stylized look and Olivier's directorial decisions are intriguing, and the William Walton score is gorgeous, but the acting, oddly enough, is wildly variable. Still, this letterboxed *Richard III* is by far the best video version available (though the restored footage is noticeably less crisp than the rest), and *Voyager's* customary fact-filled second-audio-track commentary, here provided by stage director Russell Lees, is a genuine treat. **B+** —Steve Simels

TOP VIDEOS

TEN-GALLON HIT

It's a showdown between Wyatt Earp—and *Wyatt Earp*. At least, that's the message of this week's rental chart, where *Tombstone*, starring Kurt Russell as the lawman, debuted at No. 5 the same weekend Kevin Costner's *Wyatt Earp* rode into multiplexes. Coincidence? Not likely, pardner. Hollywood Pictures Home Video, anticipating the buzz for the Costner epic, made sure *Tombstone* was in stores two days before the 3-hour, 10-minute *Earp* could corral viewers at the box office. Still, it'll have a hard time shooting down *Ace Ventura: Pet Detective*. The Jim Carrey comedy remains top dog on the rental chart—and, at \$24.96, has aced the sales chart, too.



LAST CHART TOP 10 TAPE RENTALS

LAST CHART	TOP 10 TAPE RENTALS	WEEKS ON CHART
1	1	ACE VENTURA: PET DETECTIVE Jim Carrey, Warner.....2
2	6	THE PELICAN BRIEF Julia Roberts, Warner.....2
3	5	THE GETAWAY Alec Baldwin, MCA/Universal.....2
4	3	MRS. DOUBTFIRE Robin Williams, FoxVideo.....9
5	—	TOMBSTONE Kurt Russell, Hollywood.....1
6	11	A PERFECT WORLD Kevin Costner, Warner.....8
7	4	WAYNE'S WORLD 2 Mike Myers, Paramount.....3
8	2	THE RETURN OF JAFAR Animated, Walt Disney.....6
9	35	THE AIR UP THERE Kevin Bacon, Hollywood.....2
10	12	COOL RUNNINGS John Candy, Walt Disney.....11

TAPE SALES

1	1	ACE VENTURA: PET DETECTIVE Jim Carrey, Warner, \$24.96.....2
2	2	THE RETURN OF JAFAR Animated, Walt Disney, \$22.99.....6
3	3	MRS. DOUBTFIRE Robin Williams, FoxVideo, \$19.98.....9
4	5	WE'RE BACK! A DINOSAUR'S STORY Animated, MCA/Universal, \$24.98.....13
5	6	ALADDIN Animated, Walt Disney, \$24.99.....39
6	4	BATMAN: THE MASK OF THE PHANTASM Animated, Warner, \$19.96.....9
7	8	THE FOX AND THE HOUND Animated, Walt Disney, \$24.99.....17
8	7	THE FUGITIVE Harrison Ford, Warner, \$24.96.....16
9	13	RICHARD SIMMONS: SWEATIN' TO THE OLDIES 2 Fitness, GoodTimes, \$19.98.....76
10	9	CITY SLICKERS Billy Crystal, New Line, \$14.95.....31

WKS. AGO FITNESS SALES

1	1	JANE FONDA'S YOGA EXERCISE WORKOUT A*Vision, \$19.98.....17
2	3	ABS OF STEEL 2000 The Maier Group, \$14.95.....27
3	2	STEP REEBOK: THE POWER WORKOUT PolyGram, \$19.95.....7
4	5	ARMS AND ABS OF STEEL The Maier Group, \$9.95.....41
5	8	KATHY SMITH'S AEROBOX WORKOUT A*Vision, \$19.95.....7
6	6	BUNS OF STEEL STEP 2000 The Maier Group, \$14.95.....25
7	4	STEP REEBOK: THE VIDEO PolyGram, \$29.95.....87
8	20	KAREN VOIGHT: ENERGY SPRINT ABC, \$19.98.....3
9	7	ABS OF STEEL The Maier Group, \$9.99.....113
10	12	YOGA PRACTICE FOR BEGINNERS Healing Arts, \$19.98.....11

TAPE SOURCE: VIDEO BUSINESS FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 26, 1994
FITNESS DATA: BILLBOARD FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 25, 1994



THE SUMMER MOVIE season is heating up and, hey, it's a jungle out there. *The Lion King* roared into theaters in June, and will likely be the Line King until Labor Day. Also prowling the screens now are a *Wolf* and some two-legged predators: robbers (*Getting Even With Dad*), kidnappers (*Baby's Day Out*), and—scariest of all—a baseball team owner (*Little Big League*). But this summer, *The Lion King* reigns.

MOVIES

BABY'S DAY OUT ♦ **What It's About:** Nine-month-old Bink (played by twins Adam Robert Worton and Jacob Joseph Worton) escapes kidnappers and spends an



OUT TO LAUNCH: Worton girds himself

adventure-filled day crawling around the big city. ♦ **Will Kids Want to Watch It?** Six- to 10-year-olds will probably laugh at the injuries that befall the bad guys. ♦ **MPAA:** PG. ♦ **Sex/Nudity:** None. ♦ **Drugs/Alcohol:** None. ♦ **Violence/Scariness:** The bumbling crooks constantly get hurt, à la *Home Alone*. ♦ **Objectionable Words/Phrases:** Two. ♦ **Mature Themes:** Never trust strangers with your child. ♦ **Appropriate Ages:** 6 and up.

CITY SLICKERS II: THE LEGEND OF CURLY'S GOLD ♦ **What It's About:** Yuppie Mitch

Robbins (Billy Crystal) heads out West again, joined by brother Glenn (Jon Lovitz) and buddy Phil (Daniel Stern); they meet up with the late Curly's twin, Duke (Jack Palance), to seek gold in them thar hills. ♦ **Will Kids Want to Watch It?** It's doubtful. Although the movie is chock-full of juvenile humor, kids won't be interested in the characters' middle-age angst or their male bonding. ♦ **MPAA:** PG-13. ♦ **Sex/Nudity:** Mitch and his wife (Patricia Wettig) make love under the covers. ♦ **Drugs/Alcohol:** None. ♦ **Violence/Scariness:** Two men steal a treasure map at gunpoint; a gunfight over the gold. ♦ **Objectionable Words/Phrases:** About 55. ♦ **Mature Themes:** The journey is more important than the destination; good friends will do anything for each other. ♦ **Appropriate Ages:** 10 and up.



CITY BOYS: Lovitz, Stern, and Crystal



COUCH SLOUCH: Culkin gets *Even With Dad*

GETTING EVEN WITH DAD ♦ **What It's About:** Timmy (Macaulay Culkin) blackmails his long-lost father, ex-con Ray (Ted Danson), into spending a week with him. ♦ **Will Kids Want to Watch It?** Odds are against it. It's criminal the way the filmmakers have turned this into a dysfunctional *Three Men and an Adolescent*. ♦ **MPAA:** PG. ♦ **Sex/Nudity:** None. ♦ **Drugs/Alcohol:** Ray and his partners drink beer at a bar; Ray toasts with cop Theresa (Glenne Headly). ♦ **Violence/Scariness:** Slapstick. ♦ **Objectionable**



LION DANCE: Simba and Nala earn stripes

Words/Phrases: About 20. ♦ **Mature Themes:** Adults often underestimate children; kids should be the most important thing in their parents' lives. ♦ **Appropriate Ages:** 8 and up.

THE LION KING ♦ **What It's About:** Simba, a young lion cub, is forced to grow up and take his place as heir to the throne after his father, Mufasa (voiced by James Earl Jones), is killed. ♦ **Will Kids Want to Watch It?** Yes, the animation is beautiful, the story is emotional and meaningful, and this instant Disney classic is paws-down the family film of the summer. ♦ **MPAA:** G. ♦ **Sex/Nudity:** None. ♦ **Drugs/Alcohol:** None. ♦ **Violence/Scariness:** Mufasa is murdered

by his evil brother, Scar (Jeremy Irons); a stampede of wildebeests; lions and hyenas fight. ♦ **Objectionable Words/Phrases:** Two. ♦ **Mature Themes:** We must all accept our place in the circle of life; listen to your parents. ♦ **Appropriate Ages:** 4 and up.

LITTLE BIG LEAGUE ♦ **What It's About:** Twelve-year-old Billy Heywood (Luke Edwards) inherits the Minnesota Twins



BASE INSTINCTS: Little Leaguer Edwards

from his grandfather (Jason Robards). ♦ **Will Kids Want to Watch It?** It should be a hit with the boys (and some girls) of summer, who will eat up the baseball lore, trivia, and cameos by major league stars (Ken Griffey Jr., Paul O'Neill). ♦ **MPAA:** PG. ♦ **Sex/Nudity:** Billy watches a raunchy movie on his hotel TV. ♦ **Drugs/Alcohol:** None. ♦ **Violence/Scariness:** Very young children may be upset by Billy's grandfather's funeral. ♦ **Objectionable Words/Phrases:** About 15. ♦ **Mature Themes:** It's not easy being the boss; people should be judged on their ability, not their age; kids need to be kids. ♦ **Appropriate Ages:** 8 and up.

RENAISSANCE MAN ♦ **What It's About:** After being fired, ad executive Bill Rago (Danny DeVito) takes a job teaching



ONE MAN'S ARMY: Mark Wahlberg and DeVito

Army recruits. ♦ **Will Kids Want to Watch It?** Sir, no sir. It's an old sappy story, not done particularly well; kids will think they're back in school, listening to a lecture. ♦ **MPAA:** PG-13. ♦ **Sex/Nudity:** None. ♦ **Drugs/Alcohol:** None. ♦ **Violence/Scariness:** None. ♦ **Objectionable Words/Phrases:** About 65. ♦ **Mature Themes:** Teachers and students can learn from each other; you need brains as well as brawn to succeed; anything is more important when you've earned it. ♦ **Appropriate Ages:** 10 and up.

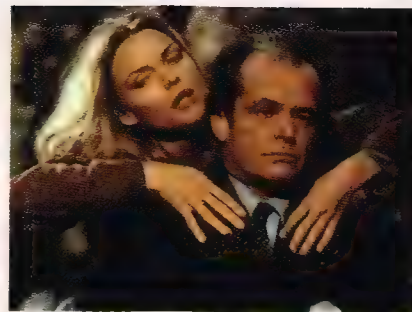
SPEED ♦ **What It's About:** The excellent adventures of L.A. cop Jack Traven (Keanu Reeves) as he tries to defuse a psychotic bomber (Dennis Hopper). ♦ **Will Kids Want to Watch It?** Yes. They'll be driven wild by its nonstop energy, and although it is violent, it's more action-packed than gore-drenched. ♦ **MPAA:** R. ♦ **Sex/Nudity:** None. ♦ **Drugs/Alcohol:** Police officers toast to two heroes. ♦ **Violence/Scariness:** Explosions, shootings, and a decapitation. ♦ **Objectionable Words/Phrases:** About 90.



SICK TRANSIT: Reeves makes tracks in *Speed*

♦ **Mature Themes:** In emergencies, people have to work together. ♦ **Appropriate Ages:** 12 and up.

WOLF ♦ **What It's About:** A wolf bite brings out the animal in New York City book editor Will Randall (Jack Nicholson). ♦ **Will Kids Want to Watch It?** Kids love werewolf movies, but this one is more of an adult drama; they won't care about the love story or appreciate the dead-on satire of the backbiting that goes on in the corporate world. ♦ **MPAA:** R. ♦ **Sex/Nudity:** Will and his wife (Kate Nelligan) fool around on the couch; Will and his girlfriend (Michelle Pfeiffer)



WOLF'S BANE: Pfeiffer gives Nicholson paws

make love under the covers. ♦ **Drugs/Alcohol:** Champagne flows at a publishing party; Will washes down his red meat dinner with wine. ♦ **Violence/Scariness:** Some graphic violence via Will and his protégé (James Spader). ♦ **Objectionable Words/Phrases:** About 35. ♦ **Mature Themes:** It's a wolf-eat-wolf world; no matter what happens, you have to remain true to yourself. ♦ **Appropriate Ages:** 16 and up.

WYATT EARP ♦ **What It's About:** The adventures of the legendary lawman (Kevin Costner), presented in an epic style. ♦ **Will Kids Want to Watch It?** Yawn. Epic is a fancy way of saying, "very long." ♦ **MPAA:** PG-13. ♦ **Sex/Nudity:** Wyatt and his girlfriend (Joanna Going) make love under blankets. ♦ **Drugs/Alcohol:** Lots of beer and whiskey drinking in saloons. ♦ **Violence/Scariness:** Wyatt's dad (Gene Hackman) teaches him to "hit to kill," so for 3 hours and 10 minutes, bullets fly from Dodge City to Tombstone to the O.K. Corral. ♦ **Objectionable Words/Phrases:** About 60. ♦ **Mature Themes:** There comes a time when you have to decide which side you're on; it's easy to manipulate the law when you *are* the law. ♦ **Appropriate Ages:** 12 and up. —Lois Alter Mark



WYATT CONTROL: Costner with Linden Ashby

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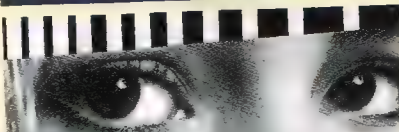
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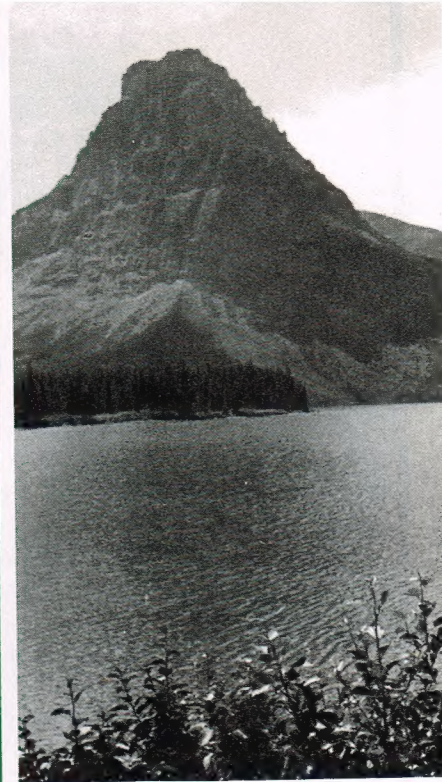
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ENCORE

Dick Clark Starts the Record

BY ERIK ESKILSEN

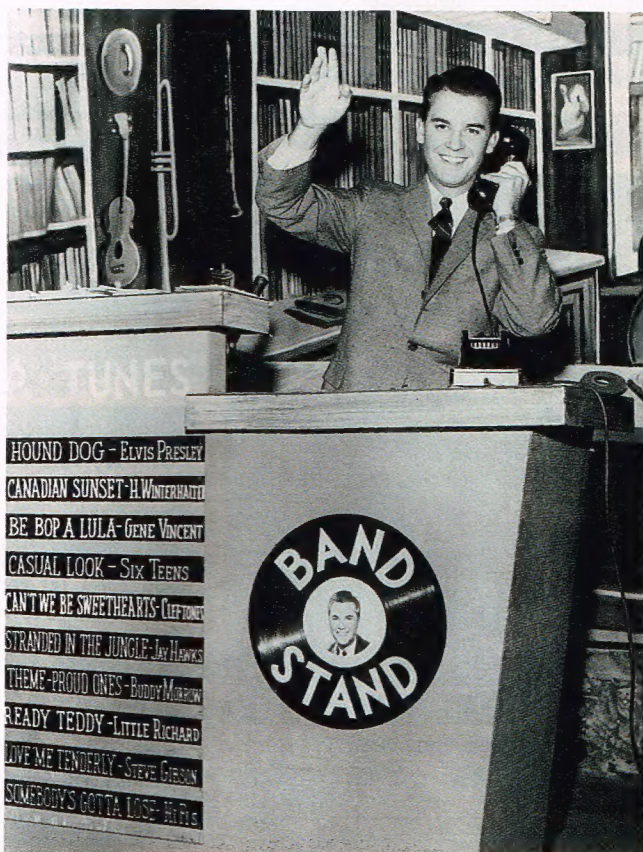
*The Peter Pan
of pop helped
'Bandstand'
take flight 38
years ago*

HE DIDN'T sing or dance, he wasn't a movie star, and he was in, of all places, Philadelphia. But when Dick Clark, 26, went before WFIL-TV's cameras on July 9, 1956, to host America's hottest after-school dance party, one of America's biggest teen idols was born.

His acceptance wasn't quite instant. On Clark's first day, he ran a gauntlet of shouting *Bandstand* fans loyal to the man he was replacing, Bob Horn, who'd been nailed for DWI during a much-hyped crackdown. The station banked on Clark's wholesome image as a WFIL newsman to restore *Bandstand*'s good name. He did that and more. Clark's boyish looks made him seem like a teen himself, and his chit-chat with guests—a chore Horn reportedly didn't relish—was not condescending. "I genuinely liked their company," Clark says. "I treated them as if we were peers."

The show's popularity soared, and WFIL's network, ABC, quickly took it national. On Aug. 5, 1957, *American Bandstand* went out to 67 stations and some 20 million viewers. "America's oldest teenager" was suddenly a pop-music power broker. Within three years, he was head of a music conglomerate.

Then Uncle Sam cut in. In 1960, amidst a federal government assault on record-business payola, Clark was called before a congressional subcommittee. Despite his protests of innocence, he had to face findings that he had a stake in 27 percent of the records he broadcast. ABC made him choose between his record interests and the show. "I had an instantaneous dose of adulthood," Clark says. "I became very protective, intelligent about life." He switched to TV and film production, moved *Bandstand* to Hollywood, and made dick



COURTESY OF DICK CLARK TELEVISION PRODUCTIONS, INC.

**INNOCENT
BANDSTANDERS:**
Clark at the podium
of the faux record-
store *Bandstand*
set; the show's
teens touched off
such crazes as the
twist, the jerk,
and the hustle



clark productions into an empire that earned him six Emmys, a place in the Television Hall of Fame, and a reported fortune of \$180 million.

In April 1989, Clark handed over stewardship of *Bandstand* to 26-year-old David Hirsch. The program died months later, a victim, says Clark, of the remote-control-happy younger generation, but its 37 years make it TV's longest-running variety show. Clark is proudest of that: "I wasn't put here...to solve world problems. I've dealt in fluff all my life, but I've made a lot of people happy." ♦

TIME CAPSULE

July 9, 1956

GOGI GRANT SANG of a "Wayward Wind" as Edwin O'Connor's *The Last Hurrah* kept readers rapt. And *The King and I* ruled movie screens, while TV viewers laughed along with *I Love Lucy* in its fifth season.

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